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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Tour in Sweden in 1838: comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation. By Samuel Laing, Esq., author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway." 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MR. LAING, whose previous work, by its solidity and sound observation, obtained a large share of public attention, and whose views well merit the consideration of all those who take an interest in affairs which most nearly concern the well-being of society, has laid us under a fresh and important obligation by the present work. It is a very valuable contribution to our right understanding of the actual condition of the Northern nations; and, by reference to them, to the application of much useful intelligence to the improvement of Great Britain, as well in essential branches of her internal policy as in her foreign relations with these countries.

"To collect (he says in his Preface) ordinary facts of common occurrence in a country, and to draw from them obvious conclusions on the state of its inhabitants, is not a work in which talent and genius are specially required, or from which much literary reputation can be gained. It is a field, however, in which the traveller, with the most ordinary intelligence and observation, may be eminently useful. In Norway and Sweden, such inquiries are peculiarly interesting at the present period, because these two nations, although the furthest removed from the agitation of the French revolution, have, by a singular chance, been affected by it more permanently, and one of them more beneficially, than any others in Europe. Norway received a new and liberal constitution, and has started with the freshness of youth,—a new nation, as it were, called suddenly into life from among the slumbering feudal populations of the North. Sweden received a new dynasty,—and slumbers on amidst ancient institutions and social arrangements of darker ages. Having attempted, in a former work, to give a sketch of the present social condition of the Norwegian people, I considered it necessary, in order to complete the view of the present moral, political, and economical state of the inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, to undertake the following sketch of the Swedish."

And ably has he performed the task, as we trust our selections, however incomplete, will shew. We are compelled to confess to their incompleteness, because it would be absurd in a journal limited like ours, with so many claims upon its notice, to pretend to discuss several of the grave questions which the author sets forth, and which embraces almost every subject of national value—government, legislation, the state of morals and crime, the press, education, religion. For instance, read the following, and see if it were possible for us to do justice to such topics:—

"It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in

one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralised state than any nation in Europe—more demoralised even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics. It is so directly opposed to all received opinions and long-established theories of the superior moral condition, greater innocence, purity of manners, and exemption from vice or crime of the pastoral and agricultural state of society, compared to the commercial and manufacturing, that if it rested merely upon the traveller's own impressions, observations, or experiences, it would not be entitled to any credit."

It rests, however, on authentic returns:—
"According to the official returns published in the Swedish State Gazette, in March 1837, the number of persons prosecuted for criminal offences before all the Swedish courts in the year 1835 was 26,275, of whom 21,262 were convicted, 4915 acquitted, and 98 remained under examination. In 1835, the total population of Sweden was 2,983,144 individuals. In this year, therefore, one person of every 114 of the whole nation had been accused, and one in every 140 persons convicted, of some criminal offence. By the same official returns, it appears that in the five years from 1830 to 1834 inclusive, one person in every 49 of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every 176 of the rural population, had, on an average, been punished each year for criminal offences. In 1836, the number of persons tried for criminal offences in all the courts of the kingdom was 26,925, of whom 22,292 were condemned, 3688 acquitted, and 945 under trial or committed. The criminal lists of this year are stated to be unusually light, yet they give a result of one person in every 112 $\frac{1}{4}$ of the whole population accused, and one in about every 134 convicted, of criminal offence; and taking the population of the towns, and the rural population separately, one person in every 46 individuals of the former, and one in every 174 individuals of the latter, have been convicted within the year 1836 for criminal offence."

"The proportion, also, of illegitimate to legitimate births in this country leads to the same conclusion. It is as one to 2 $\frac{3}{10}$ in Stockholm. In no other Christian community is there a state of female morals approaching to this. In Paris, the illegitimate are reckoned by Puchet to be one in five births, and in the other towns of France one in 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. In England and Wales it is reckoned there is one illegitimate to nineteen legitimate, and in London and Middlesex one to thirty-eight legitimate births."

"Figures do not bring home to our imaginations the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. In such a society, the offspring of secret adultery, and the births merely saved from illegitimacy by the tardy marriage of the parents, must be nu-

merous in proportion to the general profligacy. If it were possible to deduct these from the one side of the account and add them to the other, to which morally they belong, what a singular picture of depravity on a great scale this city presents. Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say, from undeniable public returns, 'one out of every three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse; and one out of every forty-nine has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence'."

"The clergy also, and the people, appear to me to view Christianity altogether in a different light from that in which we view it. It is a different species of religion here. This is a subject on which I give my impressions with reluctance, from the difficulty of explaining them. The Swedish clergy are, beyond doubt, a highly educated body of theologians. The people also are educated up to a certain point, which is, that of being able to read, and give proof of understanding the church catechism so well as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment on the people seems to stop. A careful attendance upon all the ceremonials of the church; the saints' days, or prayer days, or church festival days; the high mass; the forms of baptisms, churchings, sacraments, funerals; the decorations of the church and altar, and of the priest's robes; the Easter offerings, Christmas offerings, and such observances—appear to stand in the place of all mental exertion or application, on their part, in religious matters, after they have once, if I may use the expression without offence, taken out their diploma as Christians, by the rite of confirmation, and by receiving their first communion. Religion seems to rest here."

When we mention that these extraordinary statements are mixed up with comparisons with Irish crime, &c., and rebukes of our game-laws, and other illustrative opinions, we think it will be acknowledged that our wiser course is to abstain from discussion. We will first turn to the more congenial topic of literature.

In 1830 were published "121 works on theology, 11 on philosophy, 20 on philology, 32 on education, 134 belles lettres (including 52 novels), 88 historical, 30 geographical works, 77 on political, 20 on physical, 20 on medical, 35 on economical, 25 on mathematical, 46 on juridical science, 4 on fine arts, 43 miscellaneous (not including newspapers, of which the number is reckoned 80, and 19 of which are published in Stockholm), besides 20 other periodicals, of which 15 appear in Stockholm. The price of books is extremely moderate; a volume of 400 pages generally costs about a banco dollar and half; but the paper is very bad. There are, however, some publications which would do honour to our press; as, for instance, Nelson's 'Fauna Suecica,' with illuminated plates; the 'Scandinavian Fishes,' by Von Wright; the 'Costumes of Sweden,' by Forsell. The numbers of these works cost five banco dollars each, or about one third of what similar works from our press would cost. There is no duty on paper, and only one gratis copy taken for

libraries, viz. for the Royal Academy of Science. Of living Swedish authors, not including men of science, like Berzelius, whose celebrity is of a higher order than that of merely literary production, the only one perhaps who has an European name, and who may be placed by the side of the first writers in other languages, is the historian Geyer. His first volume gives a rapid and masterly sketch of the early history of Sweden; and with the terseness and philosophic spirit in which Tacitus might have written the history of a barbarous period and people. The second and third parts give the history of Gustavus Vasa and his successors, down to the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and the reign and resignation of his daughter Christina. The adventures, as they may be called, of the first Vasa, his exploits, his manly sincere character, his public and domestic life, his racy speeches to the peasantry in the quaint energetic mode of expression which appears to have belonged to the state of society and language in every country about the time of Queen Elizabeth, are given in a spirit truly Shakspelian. This work, although unintentionally, gives a severe shock to the reigning dynasty, for it paints with the touch of genius, acts and exploits, sayings and doings, of great men, and striking characters of a native race of kings, in picturesque times, opens up a brilliant national history, which before was but dimly seen through obscure or flimsy foreign works, and brings it home to the breasts of the youth of the country, in a literary production of which the nation may be as proud as of the deeds it relates."

Our author is well inclined towards the previous dynasties, and defends the conduct of the deposed Gustavus IV., whilst he considers the reigning monarch as more of a military character than an able sovereign. He particularly impugns the conduct of his government towards the periodical press, for we are told:—

"A desperate war is carrying on in this country between the periodical press and government. By law and the constitution, the Swedish press is free; and every man is entitled to publish what he pleases, being responsible to law for what he publishes. But, in 1812, a temporary power of suppressing periodical publications summarily, without previous trial or accusation before a jury, as in the case of other publications, was granted to the executive by the diet. This power of immediate censorship over newspapers was applied for on the plea that the exigency of the times made it necessary to arm the executive with power to suppress seditious writings summarily, and without waiting for the previous condemnation by a jury of the publication and its author; and it was granted on the understanding that it was to be only temporary. The exigency, whatever it was, passed away, but not the power—and in a constitution so complicated, with its four chambers and absolute veto, it is impossible to carry through a bill for the abolition of this censorship in opposition to the royal will. The retention is loudly complained of as a breach of faith with the nation; and is useless as well as impolitic, for it extends practically only to annoying the daily press, and irritating the public mind, without the power of effectually stopping any obnoxious periodical paper. The ground law entitles every man who pleases to publish a newspaper; and the real editor of a popular newspaper keeps half-a-dozen fellows in pay, who are ready to give their names as editors, and stand all responsibility, for a few dollars. The suppressed paper appears within half-an-hour with a trifling alteration in

the title. The 'Aftonblad' (evening sheet) has been suppressed by government twenty-four times, and now appears under the title of the 'Twenty-fifth Aftonblad'; and may to-morrow appear under the title of the Twenty-sixth, should government suppress the paper called the 'Twenty-fifth Aftonblad.' The ground law secures to well the liberty of the press for this power of censorship to exist by the side of it; and government has the worst of it in the conflict. The want of sincerity in retaining a power granted temporarily, furnishes a theme of powerful moral effect against government, and the unnecessary exertion of the power, and frequently for passages which the jury has subsequently found innocent, keeps the public mind in a perpetual state of ferment. A knot of old nobility, a century behind the age they live in, and unable to appreciate the importance of public opinion in these times, surround the king, and advise measures more suited to the court of France before the revolution, than to the nineteenth century. His majesty himself, imperfectly educated for any civil command or business, and ignorant of the language, and consequently of the people and their concerns, is as far behind as his ministers in the knowledge required for governing with satisfaction a constitutionally regulated state. In the conflict with a periodical press conducted by men of great talent, and wielding an influence in this well-educated nation altogether overwhelming, an executive government so constituted, and exposed in every measure to its attacks, does not slumber on a bed of roses. The number of newspapers published in Sweden is reckoned to exceed eighty, of which nineteen are published in the metropolis. A great number of these are not political, but merely give the advertisements of the neighbourhood. Where there are so many public functionaries in a country, that it may be truly said they are not made for the public business, but the business for them, there is a great superfluity of writings, announcements, official forms, and publications, in all concerns, public or private. Every province and town has its local courts, in which the system of much ado about nothing gives a living to a corps of officials; and the advertisements and proclamations connected with the business of the courts, together with the ordinary notices of buyers and sellers in the district, support a newspaper in a much smaller population than with us. The stamp duty on newspapers does not exceed $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a farthing per sheet. There is no duty on advertisements; and the cost of advertising in the best newspapers in Stockholm is about 3½ farthings, or two skillings banco, per line. Advertisements are consequently numerous, and the convenience of them extends to lower and smaller objects, and to lower classes of society than with us. We lose an immense advantage in our social condition, by taxing heavily the readiest means of communication between man and man in matters of purchase and sale. The paper used by the provincial press is very bad, but very cheap; and the matter is of the same character. If there is a spare column it is generally filled with a 'continuation' of some insipid French tale. The daily political newspapers of the metropolis are of a higher class. The 'Aftoublad,' the 'Dagblad,' the 'Daglige Allehanda,' are the liberal daily papers. The 'Freya,' and many others, are weekly papers, or published twice or three times a week, on the same side. The 'Stats Tidning,' or 'Gazette,' the 'Argus,' and the 'Swenske Minerva,' are the leading conservative papers, but the first only is in daily circulation. The 'Aftonblad' takes the lead of the

periodical press. Its circulation is above 4000, which, in proportion to the population of Sweden, is greater, perhaps, than the circulation of any newspaper in Europe. The price is ten dollars banco yearly, about 15s. *sd.* sterling, delivered from the office six days in the week. Mr. Fljerta, the proprietor and editor, does not publish it on Sundays, although not prevented by law, I believe, from Sunday publication. The postage within the kingdom of a daily paper is one dollar eight skillings, or about two shillings sterling yearly; but this, I understand, is not secured, as in Norway, by an act or law, but is at the discretion of the executive; and government has been so ill advised as to withdraw this exemption from postage from the 'Aftonblad.' This kind of personal conflict with the opposition press only adds to the celebrity and circulation of its productions; and where the post at the best is an affair of once a week, and steam-boats are running in all directions once a day, government has the mortification of adopting an unpopular measure, and of seeing it defeated and laughed at. In all the coffee-rooms, conditors' or confectioners' rooms, kallare or cellars, and such places of resort which I visited, the liberal papers, especially the 'Aftonblad,' 'Daglige Allehanda,' and 'Freya,' were never wanting. These are decidedly the newspapers of the middle and lower classes. The 'Gazette,' or 'Stats-Tidning,' is the only one of conservative principles to be found in any public place. The others, on the same side of politics, may have a very considerable circulation among the higher classes: and two of them, at least, the 'Minerva' and 'Argus,' are conducted with great talent; but they have no advertisements from the people, which is a proof that they are not the papers of the people. Over all the Continent, or at least in this quarter, liberal, radical, conservative, aristocratic, are terms applied to classes of political opinions and to newspapers, as distinctly, and with the same meaning, as with us."

The subject of a free port on the island of Gotland, having occupied the House of Commons on Tuesday, we shall close our review for this week with some of Mr. Laing's observations respecting it, and which seem to throw a light upon the matters at issue.

"The distance from the main coast of Sweden to this island is fourteen leagues. * * * The island of Gotland is a great table of limestone, about 77 miles in length, by 35 in breadth, and between 80 and 150 feet above the level of the sea: it is a very remarkable piece of land. The whole mass is a formation filled with the fossil remains of the extinct mollusca. * * The whole population of Gotland at the end of 1835, when the last official estimate of their numbers was made, was 36,403 individuals in the country, 4268 in Visby, the only town; being in all 40,671 persons. * * * This island will some day be considered the most important political point in the north of Europe. From its geographical position, it is a padlock upon the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, which in the hands of an effective power would lock up the Russian navy as in a pond, and secure the free navigation of the Baltic. It is not probable, that a post so important for Russia and for the other European powers will be suffered long to remain in the hands of Sweden. It was rumoured at Stockholm, when the Emperor of Russia so unexpectedly paid a visit this summer to his Swedish majesty, that some arrangements relative to this island were the secret object of conference between the crowned heads. According to one report, Sweden, as a counterpoise to the Russian force maintained in the Aland isles,

wished to establish a free port, under the guarantee of other powers, in the island of Gotland; according to others, England had peremptorily demanded its cession. It is obviously in a position which bridles the power of Russia, as without it she is not mistress of her own Baltic fleet; and it has at Slito, on the west side, and at Capelshamn on the east, harbours, with depth of water, it is said, for ships of war, or at least for steam war-vessels; and it is, therefore, the most important point undoubtedly in the north of Europe for Russia to become mistress of. It is not probable that England would desire to occupy an island which it would require ten thousand men to garrison, and a fleet to prevent her garrison being surprised. A free port at Slito, or Capelshamn, would turn out a failure as a commercial enterprise, unless under circumstances of a general war; because, in the ordinary course of commerce, Baltic produce—corn, timber, hemp, flax, iron—either from great bulk, or low value, will not bear transhipments and double charges. Those reports, therefore, circulated at that time, have probably been only a preparatory feeling of the way—a sounding of the Swedish nation's sentiments—in case of a transfer of this island to Russia being proposed. Russia will lick the morsel into shape, and swallow it herself, as she swallowed Finland. The Swedish government, in fact, tempts her to do so; for, in this important outpost of the kingdom, important to all the commercial powers of Europe as well as to Sweden; from which, in the event of any demonstration against the country from the Åland isles, a similar demonstration to counteract it might be made against Poland, or any weak point of the Russian empire. * * * The Gotlanders, besides, consider and talk of Swedes as foreigners. The communications and ties between the lower classes are too restricted by the privileged system of trade to amalgamate these remote provinces with the main body of the nation, by common interests and feelings."

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray, author of "De Foix," "The Whitehoods," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co. In our notice of "Trelawny of Trelawny," we took occasion pretty fully to express our opinion of Mrs. Bray's talents as a writer; we have now but to add, that we have always thought her most effective in those delineations which appeal to the heart. Her antiquarian and historical knowledge is considerable; but she throws such topics into the background when she touches on the conflicts of human passion and the accidents of life,—those thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Nor have we found her less successful in painting those scenes which the face of nature displays; where all is touched with the truth and vigour of a master hand: and, as some utility of purpose should be included in works of the most imaginative description, it may be further observed, that a sound system of morality and Christian principles is every where interwoven with Mrs. Bray's fictions.

In the opening tale of these volumes, Mrs. Bray demonstrates the absurdity of entertaining *superstitious* notions, which too often realise, by their own baleful impulse, the forebodings they have conjured up. Of such a weakness as this Charles Edwards was the self-devoted victim: and his determination, under the impulse of a preconceived destiny, to cross Sebrina's angry flood, presents us with the following catastrophe, under the head of "Prediction":—

" 'I shall perish,' he replied firmly; ' it is fated:' and, saying this, he let go my hand, leaped into the boat, and, in another minute, that slight and fragile thing was cleaving her way over the angry and agitated waters. The moon was up, but not now did she float through the azure sky in that serene majesty,

' When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or, like a ship, some gentle day
In sunshine, sailing far away—
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of Ocean for her own domain.'

No; the moon seemed only to look forth through the dim, heavy, sulphurous clouds that floated near her, round her, athwart her, to send an occasional gleam that made but too distinct the roaring Severn, covered and quivering with foam, as every wild wave came rushing in, as if chased by the Furies, who, on this night, had lent their unmitigable rage to the winds, the waves, and the tides in that forlorn hour, for the ruin of that forlorn bark. Heavy clouds were in the distance; they seemed to fall, to rest upon the hills, and to look on the dreary waters, whilst they bore along their prey as mourners, who, in fixed silence and in gloom, watch the progress of some stern decree of fate, whose end is death. Suddenly the air became more dense, and a distant peal of thunder rolled away among the mountains of Wales, as one brief bright flash shot from east to west, and gave once more to my sight the little bark, distinct in its outline, and surrounded by the disturbed, the all-devouring waves. How shall I speak the sickening of my soul; the sense of horror that thrilled through every vein, when I beheld that bark, so frail, so small, so ill-governed by the hand of a boy, reeling in the midst of the eddies, and driving on towards the sunken rocks; the boat, too, overbalanced by an outspread and straining sail! 'Great God! be merciful,' I exclaimed, ' or he is lost!' A dreadful conviction of impending evil seized on my mind; my head grew dizzy, my trembling limbs almost refused me their support, and my eyes closed, as if to shut out the fearful spectacle that in another moment would meet their agonised gaze. I could not, dared not, look up; I could only fervently and mentally ejaculate a few broken sentences, imploring the mercy of Him who can calm the raging of the tempestuous waters, or the storm of human passions, by his will, by his word! How deeply, how fervently, did I offer up that agitated petition—that Heaven would spare! But the winds were pitiless,—the waves were wild,—they did their work; for God, whose will is higher than that of man, inscrutable as the mysteries of his creation; He was deaf to the cry of nature, to the voice of prayer, in that awful, that fatal hour. 'Lost, lost; struck on the rocks,—down,—sunk—Good God! the poor boy's mother!' These were cries which, in hurried and strange accents of affright, met my ear on every side, as I stood watching on the shore. Such cries, indeed, first announced to me that all was over, that all earthly hopes of aid were alike vain. The boat, my unhappy friend, and the presumptuous boy who had undertaken its guidance in such peril, had found one and the same grave."

The tale of the heroic orphans of La Vendée is beautifully told, Mrs. Bray seems at once to have gleaned the materials and scenery of this pathetic relation during her "Tour in Brittany and other parts of France" with the late lamented Charles Stothard. The sanguinary and determined contest between the loyal Vendéans and the infuriated worshippers

of the Tree of Liberty and the Goddess of Reason, was yet fresh in the recollection of the province. Thus great interest attaches to the progress of this Vendean tale, from the historical and matter-of-fact circumstances on which it is founded, detailed with much power and dramatic effect. The gallant loyalist orphan, Pierre Lobin, is made prisoner by the republican forces, and condemned to be shot by their general, Varras. The following is the picture of the *youthful patriot's death* :—

His sister, "Jeanne, wept, knelt, humbled herself at the feet of this fierce demagogue; but all in vain. He told her that her brother's crime amounted to more than incivism; he had been in open arms in the support of the tyrant Louis Capet whilst he lived, and of his family since his death. These were offences against fraternity, the nation, and liberty. Pierre Lobin must die for such crimes, but that he (Varras) was very sorry for it. 'Do you really sorrow for it?' said Jeanne; 'then shew him mercy; save his life, and sorrow will never visit your own heart for that act, for it will be a good one.' Varras turned to speak to an officer in attendance; Jeanne heard the words—'Bid the men prepare in the courtyard.' 'No!' she cried, 'You must not,—you must not,—you dare not, give the order for his death.' The drums again rolled. 'Oh, stop that dreadful sound!' said Jeanne. 'It is no other to my ear than the call to the last judgment—the last judgment, Varras; do you believe it will come? Believe it or not, yet it will come, and where will you then stand? Where shall I stand? Even as I do now before you, boldly; and at the foot of God's throne I will call upon you to account for this day's deed. I will appeal to saints and angels to bear me witness that I asked a brother's life, and you denied it to me. You may need some comfort then; some record that may cause the book of blood, which you have helped to fill, to be closed; and in its stead, to open for you the book of mercy. Blood, Varras, blood!—it is a fearful thing; its cries reach from earth to heaven.' * * *

" 'Save him, and if blood must be spilt to satisfy you, kill me, and I will die and thank you!' * * * You are frantic. Take away this woman; nor longer let her interrupt my order.' 'Speak it,' cried Jeanne, 'speak it; is it for life or death?' 'For death,' said Varras. 'Lead out the prisoner.' The wretched Jeanne, on hearing this, clasped her hands together and raised them above her head. There was something fearful and wild in the expression of her whole countenance—something convulsive in every movement of her agitated frame. There was a terrific look also in her eye, as she shot its glance of hatred and abhorrence on Varras. It was a glance that would have withered, could looks do the deeds they speak. Her whole person, countenance, and air, might have suited a Cassandra, when, in the frenzy of a prophet's mood, she comes to bid the Trojans cry aloud for the curse that is about to fall on their devoted heads. 'Cruel, blood-thirsty tyrant,' she exclaimed, 'dare you thus cut him off? But think not God's justice will rest till it has found you out. Blood shall have blood; the dogs and the carrion birds that prey on the carcass of the slain and make it their feast, shall, ere another month be passed, prey on your heart; and the curse of the wretched, such a wretched being as you have this day made me, shall sound in your ears worse than the wolf's howl in the forest of our Bocage, and bid you die and go down in despair to where that bad spirit waits for you—that spirit who now prompts you to this murder. Yes, murder,—for it is a murder! Oh! would

that the thunder of Heaven, at this moment, might be launched against you. I would call it down with my curse, and stand and see it fall rejoicing, though I myself were also doomed to share the ruin of its fatal bolt! Varras, God will curse you, if my brother dies.' Varras shewed a strong expression of displeasure at her bitter reproaches. La Forêt endeavoured to soften his anger by whispering to him 'that he must allow for the grief which had unsettled her mind.' 'I believe she is mad,' said Varras, she talks like one frantic. 'But the execution must go forward. Come, La Forêt, we will leave the rest to the lieutenant. We will see that no harm comes to your Jeanne: she will be herself by and by, when this fit of passion is over; she looks well in it. Bid the fife play; it will drown this vociferation.' But Jeanne was no longer in a state to need this cruel insult to her feelings, by drowning her bitter expressions of despair. She gave up all her thoughts to her dying brother, and with an energy, a resolution that could proceed alone from that love which she bore towards him, and which in death was 'strong as death,' she composed herself as much as she could for his sake, and, at his entreaty, did for him the last offices that he now required at her hands. He bade her untie a blue riband that was under his vest. She did so. He took it from his bosom, and tied the riband round her neck. 'Jeanne,' he said, 'it is the consecrated heart. It was your gift before we parted, when I went forth with our chiefs to the war; it has never since left my bosom; it has been close to that heart which loved nothing so much in life, regretted nothing so much in death, as my dear sister. Adieu, my sweet Jeanne.' * * *

La Forêt took a brief but feeling farewell of the unfortunate Pierre. Varras bowed to him in silence. He commanded wine to be offered to the prisoner. Pierre declined the cup; but, to the astonishment of all present, Jeanne eagerly snatched at it. She held it up more steadily than could have been expected, considering her previous high state of excitement, and the indignation she had expressed in the frantic curses she had poured out on the revolutionist. She looked for a moment at the cup: and a smile, expressive of bitterness, of a feeling that rejoices over anticipated evil, curled her haughty lip, as she fixed a stern and dark eye on Varras, and said, 'Varras, I drink this to our next meeting; for, trust me, we shall meet again ere long.' She drank a deep draught, put down the cup, and, turning to her brother, said, 'That has refreshed my heart; now I can go through all that is to come.' From that moment a change came over her whole appearance and demeanour. She looked still white as a corpse. A slight convulsive movement passed over her features as she saw the prisoner led forth to death; but she followed in profound silence. The drums once more beat; the fife played the *Marseillaise* hymn, that favourite air of the revolutionists; and the fusiliers took their station. There was a coffin ready to receive the body immediately after death. 'Go no further, Jeanne,' said Pierre; 'your presence only distresses me; I would die as a man.' 'And I will see you die as a man,' replied Jeanne, firmly, 'for, Pierre, I will avenge you as a man!' 'What do you mean, my sister?' 'No matter,' she answered; 'I have no weakness now; I only wish that the fusiliers would aim first at me. I would forward and die willingly.—Oh! Pierre, this is too much;' her eye caught a sight of the coffin. [He is shot.] * * * She insisted on seeing the body of her brother. She

was not denied that request; yet her behaviour was not at all such as had been anticipated. She shewed no expressions of violent grief, no want of submission or of firmness; all her frantic energy, her wild unsettled feelings, seemed to have ceased with the extinction of her hopes. She kissed the corpse affectionately, and with her own hands covered the head with the face-cloth, begging it might not again be raised. Pierre was buried on that day, and buried in the clothes in which he had fallen. The priest who had not been found to attend him whilst alive, was at last discovered; and, on the assurance of La Forêt being pledged for his safety, performed the service for the dead. Jeanne attended in profound silence, with an air of devotion, of deep settled grief, that was more alarming, though less afflicting for the time, than violent sorrow. She was quiet, calm, and resolute."

And Jeanne's resolution was steeled and maddened to that line of action, which the great Lord Bacon has termed "a kind of *wild justice*." The following is a *Sister's Revenge*:

"On the evening of the battle near Doué, when the revolutionists were strongly intrenched, Monsieur de Lescure, then general of the Vendean army, was surprised at the approach of a soldier of a very youthful appearance, demanding to speak with him in private. The soldier appeared in great distress, without shoes, and very poorly clad. He had on the brigand costume, a red handkerchief round the head, the neck, and the waist. Lescure's attention being arrested by the air, the extreme poverty, and the youth of the soldier, he questioned him closely. The soldier burst into tears and said, 'General, I am not what I seem to be;—I am a woman. Madame de Lescure knows me. I saw her once, before I wore this dress: and once since I have assumed it. She also knows that my character is good; she has seen the certificate of my curé. Do not ask me questions, I entreat you; but grant what I ask of you, for I am resolute. To-morrow there is to be battle; let me have but a pair of shoes, and I am sure I shall fight so that you will not repent my being near you in the action. And I shall be there whether you let me go or not.' Lescure was astonished; he endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose; but finding all remonstrance vain, he gave her what she needed, and more than she asked; and ordered that she might have the use of a horse, as she told him she could ride as well as any in the army. On the morrow she appeared, and mounted, as one of the cavalry for the action. She purposely fought under the eye of Lescure, and, once or twice, called out to him during the battle.—'General, you must not pass me; I shall always be nearer to the enemy than you are.' She received a wound in the hand, but her courage and determination seemed but to rise the more for this accident. She was advised to retire from the field, but she answered calmly—'This is a trifle; I have not done yet.' It was allowed by all present who on that day observed her, that none fought better than she did; yet, at one period of the action, she was remarked to reserve herself. Her eye watched; she was looking out for some one amongst the enemy. The regiment of Varras now prepared to pour down on the Vendees. No sooner did she perceive this, than, animating the men with the most enthusiastic expressions, she called out to them by a name which that very body of peasantry afterwards retained throughout the war. 'Follow me, men of La Vendée. Follow; and be, like me, avengers.' She rushed on with an impetuosity that was her

best security at the moment; as, by the rapidity and vehemence with which she made her way through all opposition, she escaped immediate destruction. She rode up to Varras, who was charging at the head of his troop; and, ere a republican could touch her, she snatched a pistol from her side and exclaiming—'Now, Varras, we have met,' shot him dead on the spot. This done, she threw away her pistol, rushed furiously into the thickest part of the battle (where her red handkerchiefs made her a mark), and almost immediately perished. The body was found after the action. By the care of Lescure it was decently interred. On searching the clothes, the certificate of the curé was found; and a consecrated heart, worn next to her bosom, was twisted round with a lock of hair. Probably the hair was her brother's. By the certificate it was ascertained that she was the unfortunate Jeanne Labin."

A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England.
By Frances Sargent Osgood. 12mo. pp. 364.
London, 1839. Churton.

We have long been familiar with the name of our fair author, and felt assured that, whenever she launched forth her beautiful thoughts in the shape of a volume, we should find much to amuse the mind and amend the heart. Our expectations have been fulfilled; and we have here a delightful gathering of the sweetest of wild flowers, all looking as fresh and beautiful as if they had grown in the richest of English pastures, in place of having been

"Nursed by the cataract."

True, the wreath might have been improved with a little more care; a trifling attention or two paid to the formation of it; a stalk here and there that obscures itself between the bells of the flowers, might have become so interwoven as to have been concealed; and the whole have looked as if it had grown in that perfect and beautiful form. Though, after all, we are, perhaps, too chary; for in nature every leaf is not ironed out to a form, nor propped up with a wiry precision; but blown and ruffled by the refreshing breezes, and looking as easy, and careless, and unaffected, as a child that bounds along with its silken locks tossed to and fro just as the wind uplifts them. Page after page of this volume have we perused with a feeling of pleasure and admiration.

Here is an extract, an image of melancholy beauty, from "The Withered Flower and Broken Heart":

"The maiden by her mirror stands,
Before her clasped her languid hands!
Her robe is loose—her feet are bare—
Her head is bent in mute despair,
And wildly droops her lovely hair;
Her gleaming girdle thrown aside,
Resplendent still in jewel'd pride,
How mocks its diamond'd edge the smile,
The tear in those blue eyes the while!
A withered rose is at her feet;
Withered the rose, it still is sweet,
Ah! not the only flower whose light
Is lost in sorrow's shower-to-night!
A rose was on that eloquent face;
When last I marked its glowing grace;
Her happy heart's warm crimson tide
Its soft and changing bloom supplied;
The heart is chilled? the cheek is pale!
Sweet flowers must die when fountains fail,
And what has wrought this wretched change?
Alas! 'tis nothing new or strange!
Her smile within the festive hall
Was saved for one who smiled on all,
Ah! reckless tone and wandering look,
A maiden's spirit ill may brook;
Yet this has Marion met to-night,
With clouded heart and look all light.
Not one throughout the wearying dance
Wore wilder joy of word and glance;
No lighter form, no sunnier eye,
No freer footstep floated by,
And now 'tis o'er, the hated task,
And idle now the mirthful mask;

Quick sobs of anger, grief, and shame,
Like storm-struck blossoms low her frame;
The azure fire that flamed her eyes
Is quenched in tears that blinding rise;
And quivering lip, and pallid cheek,
The picture of a tale of suffering speak.
Ah! beating heart! and blooming flower!
Your fate is one: one glorious hour,
Ye breathe your wealth of sweetness forth
For those who feel not half your worth;
The next—neath cold and reckless eyes—
The full heart breaks!—the blossom dies!"

Another extract, and we must conclude, leaving this Wreath to its fate, at a season when no "sweet south" blows gently upon its leaves. Sorry we are to say it, but how many a fair page of poetry is in this day cast aside almost unregarded!

"Oh! breathe on it softly: it dies in an hour."

is the sad, and we fear but too true motto, which our fair author has prefixed to her title-page; and yet there are many poems in this volume that would do credit to any collection: witness the following on a subject with which only a truly poetical mind could grapple, "On seeing Celeste in 'The Wept of Wish ton Wish.'"

"I too, last evening, joined the throng,
I too beheld in rapture's trance,
Like some wild vision, marked by song,
The graceful spirit of the dance."

In guise of Indian girl she walked,
The forest-fawn less light of foot;
And while each look, each motion talked,
Her step—her voice—alike were mute!

Torn from her home—a trembling child,
Of sense and speech bereft by fear;
She comes—a wanderer from the wild,—
Nor knows that long-lost home is near.

Her sister strives, by many an art,
To bring back memory's power in vain!
She clasps her red-boy to her heart,
She's plunging for the woods again!

* See, love, the chain you used to wear,—
That now-stretched hand! that look of joy!
Alas! no memory awakens there,—
To her 'tis but a pleasing toy!

But, hark! a soft and soothing strain!—
The song her mother used to sing!—
'Tis o'er!—she strives for it again,
As if her spirit would take wing.

Again it comes!—the trinkets fall,—
She rises with the music's swell!—
Struggles for utterance—breaks the thrall!—
"Mother!" she sighed, and lifeless fell!

And now, her warrior-love is low;
Her gun is seized—raised—aimed—oh heaven!—
They lift her child before the foe!
She shrieks—as if her heart were riven!

* Conanchet dies!—dark Uncas said;
Her arms around his neck she threw,
And mom'd, while mournful droop'd her head,
Then Narramatta will die too!

In the next scene her chief is slain,—
And she, o'erwhelmed with wo unspoken,
Creeps to him—takes his hand—and then
Dies silently,—her heart is broken!

She dies! the Indian girl!—but, oh!
When the dark curtain rose again,
Celeste! how radiant was the glow
Of life, o'er all thy features then!

She comes!—the spirit of the dance!"
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies!

So light—that gazing breathless there,
Left the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow!
Within the radiant creature play'd!
And those soft wreathing arms of snow,
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now—with flashing eye she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air!
As if her soul had spread its wings,
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not—but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile;
That when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while!

Yet, though so lost in rapture's trance,
Too oft beyond my reason's will,
That I forgot myself, perchance,—
Thou, dearest, wert remembered still.
In every scene of tenderness,
At every proof of noble pride,
Through all the heroine's wild distress,
I wished that thou wert by my side.
Yes! I too sometimes join the throng,
I smile—when smiling eyes I see;
I watch the dance—I list the song,
But every where I think of thee!"

Home Service; or, Scenes and Characters from Life, at Out and Head Quarters. By Benson Earle Hill, author of "Recollections of an Artillery Officer." 2 vols. London, 1839. Colburn.

With regard to the *Home Service*, which furnishes the leading title to these volumes, we cannot say that they disclose much of severe military duty to warrant it; but when we look at the quantity of anecdotes, stories of amateur acting, and other gossip and light reading which they unfold, we are bound to acknowledge that, between the *Mess* and the *Green Room*, they are studded with the same sort of agreeable material which gave popular currency to the author's preceding publication. The little dashes of egotism are part and portion of the writer, whether considered as a gay young officer or an actor; and the descriptions of other persons with whom he was in familiar intercourse, are such as need no apology (though a sort of excuse is offered, vol. 2, pp. 311, 12), on the score of being inconsistent with the retention due to society and gentlemanly feelings. "To avoid personality (says Mr. Hill), in a work like this, was as impossible as to eschew egotism; I have, however, taken no liberties which their themes cannot afford to pardon. In many cases I might, with justice, have been less civil; but, so adverse am I to indulging vindictive sentiments, that some once agreeable intimates, to whom I could now scarcely refer with temper, I have forbore from mentioning at all." 'Tis said the injured may forgive, the injurer rarely can; I know not this, but am aware that I have had chances for making enemies for more than the last two years, 'which were not so before.' One has been the office of acting as mouth-piece to editorial decisions, some of which may have mortified the vanity of certain literary aspirants; yet, if prompt courtesy can soften unwelcome truth, I believe it will be allowed that I have honestly done my best to conciliate all parties." This, we believe, alludes to Mr. Hill, as sub-editor of "The New Monthly Magazine," which has certainly done very little to create offence by its strictures.

The work itself is a perfect *mélange*, in which all kinds of matters are stuck close and continually together, apparently as they occurred or were heard, and without any other connexion whatever. The second volume contains many entertaining and characteristic anecdotes of Mathews, and some of Yates, Betty, and other well-known individuals in the London circles; but two or three samples will tell readers what they have to expect from the whole. The story of the chambermaid at Canterbury (p. 69) being rather *farce*, we go to a philosophical lecturer, who took a little country theatre "to display his *Eidoran*, or transparent orrery; and pleasantly edifying it was for young folks, sitting together, in the dark, to see how the world wagged, and have all the circulations of Venus set to music before their eyes, by the Celestine, a very dreamy, spheralike contrivance. The lecturer shewed us a twelve-foot high miniature of the moon, calling the inequalities on its surface seas and mountains; but, though a disciple

of one Walker, he knew nothing of his lexicographic namesake, for thus did he continue:—

"Having proved that this beautiful planet has water, what becomes of the hypothesis that she has no hair? water comes through hair. There could be no Jews without hair; and if some of these dark spots are forests, she must have hair; hair is necessary for all fruits, and vegetation is necessary for the hair. Because, then, we can not see it, nor ascertain the quality of her atmosphere, dare we conclude that, while we are plentifully blest with hair, she has been deprived of it? If she be occupied by feeling beings, she surely has hair; for how could they subsist, if that chief blessing of life had been cut off, or torn from them? there can be no human beings with no hair; no birds without hair to float in; we know that many insects and reptiles live upon nothing but hair, nay, even the fishy tribe must have hair. Hergo, if the useful, the universally admired object in question has but one mount, one sea, one forest, 'tis hard but she should be allowed one inhabitant; and, as he could only breathe through hair, 'tis evident that hair she must decidedly have, as abundantly as ourselves!"

A longish tale of a secretary of state and custom-house officer (closing at p. 196), is neither very probable in all its details, nor pointed at its conclusion; but some notes upon a gentleman, well known in literary and theatrical circles, and to whom the work is dedicated, will be found very entertaining. "To him (Col. Wynde, says the author) I owe the introduction to Mr. George Raymond, with whom an intimacy has existed up to the present day, and of whom I shall have frequent occasion to speak. He was, when first we met, an admirable specimen of the ranger order; the attainments recently gained at the university mixed up with the rake-helly air of the templar; he was considered, by the ladies, a *beau garçon*, and many a fair damsel, at the Blackheath balls, set her cap at, and her affections on, my agreeable acquaintance."

Early in the month I dined with Major R_____, for the express purpose of meeting his son-in-law, George W_____, of whom I have made frequent mention in my first volumes. The reader may recollect that he is there described as a wild young man, who thinks of little else than the gratification of his own passions, regardless of the miseries he may entail upon himself or the objects of his pursuit. I had heard that George was reformed, and, as I knew he was married, I rejoiced to learn that so desirable a change had taken place, but I was not prepared for the extent of his reformation. With a rational, unostentatious aspect of steady piety and moral conduct, the rakkety George was not satisfied; no—he, like Mawworm, was 'pretty sure he had had a call,' and determined to give outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual grace. His hair was combed straight over his forehead, his face had become pale,—not from fasting or prayer, but the effects of his early debaucheries; he affected a plainness of attire, and from his breast-pocket peeped a brazen-clasped bible. He received me with great coolness, and was not a bit more cordial with my friends, Raymond and Yates. He would not hazard his precious soul by sitting at the same board with his father-in-law and the profane guests invited, but was found seated bolt upright, with a volume of Calvinistic lore in his hand, when we joined the ladies at coffee. Quadrilles were got up, at which W_____ looked scandalized; but one young lady appealed to Raymond for a waltz, saying,—"Pray let us waltz, let us,

pray ! ' ' Let us pray ! ' ' echoed my George, falling on his knees. He again blustered his uncongenial namesake that night ; Mrs. W—— passing from one room to another, let her shawl drop from her shoulders : my friend offered to arrange it—the lady, ' not caring to have a man so near her —' declined, when, with clasped hands and elevated eyes, he drawled, — ' Thy service is perfect freedom.' He would not, I am sure, have been so ' tender and profane too o' my conscience,' had he believed in the efficacy of either W——'s faith or works."

The heads of the chapters are, perhaps, too facetious ; for they excite much expectation. Altogether, however, we trust Mr. Hill's *and will* please the palates of readers who look for amusing variety at a leisure hour.

Peru as it is: a Residence in Lima and other Parts of the Peruvian Republic. By Archibald Smith, M.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE growing interest excited by our monied and mercantile connexions with South America, strongly attracts attention to any work professing to give a clear idea of any one of the countries forming a portion of that continent. Peru is undoubtedly equal, in the senses we have referred to, and in a literary and philosophic sense superior in interest to the remainder, inasmuch as it involves recollections of an anterior state of refinement and cultivation under its Incas, far exceeding the rest. The unbounded wealth, too, of a nation whose real treasures at least equalled the wildest dreams of Oriental imagination, have thrown a charm over our minds in the consideration of the question ; and if another source of interest can be wanting, it is found in the relics of antiquity discoverable throughout those regions, and which seem so strangely to connect its original state with the languages, customs, arts, arms, and history, of the earlier nations of our Eastern hemisphere.

The contrast between the past and present civilisation of Peru is not, however, greater than that offered at this day by its geographical and statistical relations. The vast chain of mountains that traverse its extent, appear to form a marked and almost insuperable limit to the extremes of sterility and fertilisation. The western coast to thesea presenting only a barren slope, crossed by rivers of uncertain volume, while the country to the east stretches away in luxuriance unrivaled by any other part of the globe, lavishing spontaneously the richest products of the vegetable world, and the most desirable objects of mercantile speculation, upon a soil almost untrdden by the foot of man, and watered by countless rivers of immeasurable flood.

Such a subject, we should have imagined, would warm the heart and fancy of a writer, and we took up the work before us in full confidence that some material addition would be made to our knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, its natural and historical treasures, by Dr. Smith. We grieve to record a certain degree of disappointment for those expectations. Notwithstanding ten years of residence in the land, our author's accounts, and in the first volume especially, are so generally superficial when they are not purely medical, that we can add little to the previous information acquired from Basil Hall and other English writers, to say nothing of Pöppig's narrative ; and, as critics, we are bound to state further, that this little is so overlaid by a style easy, indeed, and not inelegant, but so utterly removed from simplicity, and so full of allusion and intimation, rather

than plain statements, that a previous acquaintance with the subjects referred to is often necessary to understand the Doctor's narrative.

The natives of Lima are singularly delicate according to Dr. Smith :

" As evidence of the evil results arising from the vain endeavour to avoid the impression of the common physical causes to which, through life, every one must be occasionally exposed, we would particularly notice the peculiar delicacy of the delicately reared Limenian. When somewhat weakened by bad health, or slight indisposition which confines him to his apartments for a few days, should he happen to shave and wash the face with cold water, he is thereby put in danger of being visited by a spasmodic affection of one side of the mouth, or affected, as is more likely to take place, with a cold in the head ; so that the inflammation thus induced in the nostrils and fauces may soon be observed to extend itself along the continuous mucous membrane, and through the windpipe into the cavity of the chest ; and there it is hard to foretell what ravages it may commit. We need not, therefore, be surprised to hear the often reiterated query of the convalescent in the words, ' No me hará daño lavar y afeytar me ? — Will it not do me harm to shave and wash ? ' Nor should we indulge in a smile at his expense, as we see him gradually venture on the first degrees of ablation, by rubbing over the hands and face with a cloth dipped in tepid water sharpened with aguardiente, or the common spirits of the country."

The love of consultations makes Lima the paradise of physicians.

" A medical junta in Lima is commonly continued morning and evening, and from day to day, till the patient is pronounced to be out of danger. As the junta breaks up after each separate meeting, it is customary for the president of the meeting, or one of the physicians, to say, as he leaves his seat, ' Vamos a consolar al enfermo,— Let us go to console the patient ; ' and then all the doctors present re-enter the patient's apartment to soothe and to console him ; and, after this, one of the number steps forward to lay down the regimen — a *dato el regimen* — agreed upon in consultation, and which one or more nurses and attendants are now ready to receive from the mouth of the physician. After the formality of a junta is thought no longer necessary, it often happens that, by wish of the patient or his relatives, two or more of the medical advisers return at separate hours, but by mutual agreement, for several days, by way of further security to the sick, or as a source of satisfaction to his family. * * *

" A sample, on a little scale, of such fashionable follies, is familiar to the Limenian in the well-known local story of the two doctors, who, for a month or more, daily met in consultation at the house of a family in town, where, as they retired to the supposed privacy of a consulting-room, the one would clear his throat, and ask the other, ' Come el enfermo hoy ? — May the patient eat to-day ? ' To which the second doctor would reply, ' Como no ? si, comera. — Why not ? yes, he shall eat.' Thus, day after day, began and ended the consultation, as far at least as its topics of discussion concerned the patient ; while the good old doctors spun out a regular allowance of time before they rejoined the patient, or his attendants, serenely to announce the well-matured result of their conference. A man of *nous*, accustomed to listen behind the scenes, at length broke in upon their consultation ; and dismissed them one day by paying to each his usual fee, and telling them both how happy he was to find that he now knew as

much as themselves, for that he could repeat as well as any body, ' Come el enfermo hoy ? — Como no ? si, comera.' "

It seems that these consultations are far better paid than single visits ; as in the former, each member of the junta is entitled to four or four and a half dollars, while single visits are valued at but a single dollar.

The connexion of the physical and moral constitution of the Limenese may be thus traced : —

" The ladies, or females of Spanish blood in Lima, usually become mothers at too tender an age, and we think it is chiefly on this account that they are commonly found to be incapable of nursing with impunity ; and, if they persist in attempts at nursing beyond what their constitution can bear, they are peremptorily warned to desist by the presence of symptoms that menace a decline or consumption. Hence most ladies in Lima are under the necessity of employing black and brown nurses, who are usually slaves either purchased for milk-nurses or hired out for this purpose. The skin of the negro appears to be cooler than that of the Indian or white race, and this may possibly have been the origin of the prevailing idea already alluded to, that the milk of the negress is more cooling and refreshing than that of the Indian woman, * who, though in other respects a healthy and proper person, is never considered eligible as a milk-nurse, when in this character a negress can be procured. It unfortunately happens, however, that the predilection thus shewn for negresses and those dark women who are nearest allied to the negro race, frequently exposes the white mother's child to a series of evils, such as imperfect nutrition, contamination of blood, and permanent constitutional injury, all originating in the peculiar circumstances and individual character of milk-nurses ; of whom a single child may have been so unfortunate as to have had as many as half-a-dozen, and to have suffered successively from the blemishes of each. When the young don, thus nurtured in the very lap of bondage, comes to be fit for school, he goes to, and comes from it, in the company of a slave ; and the young Miss, or Niña, who gets out to be educated, is, on her way to and from her parents' house, attended by a sort of *duña*, or experienced *zamba*. On the customary plea, that the evils of life come early enough, children of gentle blood, especially such as are ' rubios,' or fair-complexioned, are allowed all manner of *gusto*, or indulgence ; and in the morning, before they set out for school, they usually receive a real or medio, — sixpence or threepence, — either as pocket-money, or as a bribe to be obedient and to submit to be taught. In this way expensive habits are early acquired, and mere children made to do what is right and proper from pecuniary motives, rather than a laudable sense of duty. Reviewing the effects of a close social union, from infancy upwards, between white children and their slave companions, who are seldom endowed with shame or modesty, we are led to remark that, without desiring to make any insinuations against the natural capacity for moral and intellectual improvement observable among all the races of mankind, or wishing in any degree to depreciate the merit of individuals of pure or mixed African and slave descent, we think it may be truly affirmed, that even minds of a naturally amiable and delicate bias, when led habitually to accommodate

* " This idea is not founded on experience ; for that the Indian women are really good nurses is proved by the fact, that the offspring of European fathers and Indian mothers—viz. the *Mestizo* race,—are very robust."

themselves to the grovelling feelings and propensities of the more degraded portion of our kind, undergo deterioration by degrees, and slide into a participation of the qualities of a baser nature, with which they inevitably amalgamate their own. The proper medium of domestic intimacy allowable between masters and slaves, may be a nice matter to determine with precision; but it may be said in general, that in proportion as this immediate intercourse may meliorate the condition, and quicken the intelligence, of the slave, it tends to lower the tone of morality in that society where slavery is tolerated."

Dr. Smith considers it owing to this that the "sheer ruffian" seldom, until lately, existed in the capital.

"Assassinations, it must be owned, have been rather frequent of late years, and these have been almost always perpetrated with impunity; but there is reason to believe that the agents concerned in such atrocious crimes were in many instances not sons of the soil, but outcasts and fugitives from neighbouring states. Money, not blood, is what the worst of the dark native vagabonds of the coast are generally in quest of; and he who does not offer resistance when accosted by the robber, but, instead of armour, carries a few dollars or a couple of doubloons for his ransom, may nine times in ten be suffered to escape with entire personal safety from the midst of the most lawless marauders and dreaded highwaymen, who are usually no other than renegade slaves."

This fact is the more curious, as, what the Doctor seems ignorant of, the fact is, that in proportion as murders and assassinations diminished in Spain itself, they flourished in another of her colonies, Mexico, where, even till recently, bravos performed their atrocious tasks for hire in the public streets and in open day.

[To be continued.]

Ellis's Madagascar.

[Second and concluding notice.]

In our last, as far as large type and marks of admiration went, we pointed attention to the anomalous and monstrous talk about "religious war," and it is with much regret that we read so disheartening an account as Mr. Ellis gives of the results of the missionary labours in Madagascar. We feel here, as every where else, that the most pious Christian labours, unless accompanied by great discretion and a comprehensive view of circumstances, are not only likely to be defeated, but to lead to evils instead of blessings, and cause much misery to the countries where they are unadvisedly introduced. After speaking of the efforts to abolish the slave-trade, the author tells us:—

"Beyond these, and other points of deep and lasting interest, these volumes supply a faithful record of the means employed for introducing among five millions of our species, a written language, a knowledge of the use of letters, of some of the useful arts of civilised life, and an acquaintance with the sacred truths of divine revelation. The measure of visible success, which for a time attended these efforts, and the melancholy reverses they have recently experienced, with the fierce and destructive persecution which has lately burst forth, and raged with such fearful violence in Madagascar, have excited deep and general interest throughout our country. An account of this persecution—which continues to rage against the native Christians, from whose numbers, there is reason to fear, additions are still made to the noble army of martyrs who have sealed their testimony with their blood—will be found in these

volumes, recorded with greater explicitness than in the statements hitherto made public."

Thus we find the religion of peace and benevolence become the scourge of a people, the source and mother of bloodshed and massacre. And the exposition lets us into some of the details of these horrors.

"The vindictive persecution of the Christians was only one of the calamities which the erroneous and iniquitous conduct of the government brought upon the Malagasy. The practice of infanticide was revived. Their efforts to extinguish the light of Christian truth were accompanied by great activity and zeal in reviving and promoting idolatry. Fresh idols were continually brought to the capital; new altars were erected in several places; altars, tombs, and other objects of superstitious veneration, that had been lying in ruins, were repaired; new ceremonies were appointed, and offerings more frequently presented. In all these attempts to restore the influence of idolatry, the queen seemed to take the lead; being, at times, occupied for several days together in the observance of idolatrous ceremonies, and inaccessible to any excepting those who were engaged in the service of the idols. Of this, few would, perhaps, have felt much disposition to complain, had it not been accompanied by increasing oppression from the government, and misery among the people."

"Another expedition was sent against the inhabitants of the south, which perpetrated atrocities surpassing, in treachery and blood, all that had been known in the barbarous and sanguinary wars which had heretofore desolated Madagascar. The inhabitants of the invaded provinces had submitted to the army of the Hovas, and had agreed to acknowledge the sovereignty of the queen. The negotiations relating to the terms of their submission being completed, and, after being induced to give up their arms on the most solemn and repeated promises of the queen's friendship and protection, they assembled, men, women, and children, in the neighbourhood of the Hova army. The men were then required to remove to a short distance, under pretence of taking the oath of allegiance. As striking a pool of water constitutes a part of the ceremony, a low swampy ground was chosen for the occasion. Such was the ostensible reason of the choice. A darker reason was concealed in the bosoms of the chief leaders of the queen's troops. On the arrival of the natives at the appointed place, they were surrounded by the soldiers, and were then deliberately murdered! Not fewer than ten thousand men were thus basely assassinated on the spot! The troops then selected, from the company of the wives and children of the murdered natives, all the boys capable of carrying arms. A given height had been fixed on by the queen as a standard, and all the youths above that measure, though they did not exceed it by half an inch, were conducted to the fatal spot where their fathers and brothers had perished, and there were also put to death! The wives and the rest of the children were then driven off as slaves towards Imerina; the queen's people carrying with them as booty whatever cattle and other property they could find.

In another part of the country, where the inhabitants were subdued, fifty of the most venerable men of the place, after having been kept prisoners in the ditches or trenches around their fortification for several days, were barbarously nailed and bound to crosses, fixed on the outside of one of their villages, where they were left to perish in the

most excruciating torture; their wives, refusing to become the slaves of the barbarians by whom their husbands had been destroyed, were speared on the spot—a fate scarcely more severe than that of those who were carried into bondage by the Hovas. Numbers of these unhappy captives perished from fatigue and suffering on the road towards the market to which their captors were conducting them. The horrible barbarities of the Hovas, and the cowardly slaughter of those whom they had treacherously induced to confide in promises, justly caused their name and character to be held in execration throughout the southern part of the island, and while it inflamed, throughout the remaining provinces, the passion for revenge, forced on the chiefs and people the just dread of extermination, unless able to resist their forces. * * * *

"The missionaries at Mauritius, though deprived of the privilege of labouring among the afflicted flock in Madagascar, cherished the tenderest solicitude for their welfare, and eagerly seized every opportunity of becoming acquainted with their circumstances. With this object in view, Mr. Johns proceeded to Tamatave in the month of July 1837, and was favoured to meet there with friends from the capital. The tidings of the steadfastness of the Christians, of their joy in believing, of their holy consistency, and faithful and persevering efforts to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among their respective households, relatives, and friends, and of the abundant measure of the Divine blessing evidently attending their exertions, filled his heart with the liveliest gratification, and inspired him with the most animating hopes of the extension and stability of the cause of Christ in Madagascar. Although, since the edict of the 1st of March, 1835, no meetings had been held for public worship, and many who had before associated themselves with the Christians had since appeared foremost amongst their enemies, and had indulged in all the vices of the heathen, a goodly number, holding fast their profession, continued in the faith and purity of the Gospel, shining as lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. * * * *

"It appears that the movements of the Christians had been watched, though no infringement of the antichristian edict of the queen was discovered till the last Sabbath in July, or the first Sabbath in August, 1837. On this occasion, a number of Christians having assembled for reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, on a mountain, a short distance from the capital, were discovered, and reported to the queen; the premises of the suspected party were searched, for the purpose of finding ground for accusation against them, and a box of books, viz. copies of the Scriptures and other Christian publications, that had been given by the missionaries, being found buried near the house of that eminent Christian woman, Rafaravavy, who had been previously accused of reading the Bible, she was apprehended and imprisoned; her house, her entire property, was given up to plunder, her person secured, and her hands and feet loaded with heavy iron rings. She was menaced in vain during a period of from eight to ten days, to induce her to impeach her companions. She remained firm, and perfectly composed; and was put to death by spearing on the 14th of August, 1837. She had said repeatedly, by letter, to her friend, Mrs. Johns, 'Do not fear on my account. I am ready to die for Jesus, if such be the will of God.' She was most wonderfully supported to the last moment

of her life. Her age at the time of her death was thirty-eight years. No feature in her Christian character appears to have been more distinctly manifested than her stedfastness and fidelity even to the death. Many, even of the old people, remarked they had never seen any one so 'stubborn' as Rafaravavy, for although the queen forbade her to pray, she did pray, even when in irons; and continued to preach Christ to the officers and to the crowd that followed her for nearly three-quarters of a mile, from the place of public condemnation to the place of common execution. Here she continued to pray and to exhort all around her to believe in Jesus Christ, even till the executioner's spear, thrust through her body, deprived her of the power of utterance.

"When the latest accounts were sent from Mauritius, no report had arrived of the adoption by the native government of any measures less oppressive and sanguinary than those by which the Hova have now reduced the people under their rule to the extreme of social wretchedness. No tidings had been received tending to allay the deep anxiety of our brethren, and the generous and warmly attached Christian friends of the Madagascar Mission in Mauritius, on behalf of those reduced to perpetual and rigorous slavery, or doomed to fetters and imprisonment. No accounts of leniency on the part of the government, or any mitigation of the sufferings of the Christians, were received; but reports were brought by more than one conveyance, of continued persecution, and continued if not increased severity towards the Christians. An early report stated that accusations had been preferred against a considerable number of the natives, and that another female had been sacrificed. After subsequent arrivals, it was reported that several had been put to death on account of their adherence to the Christian faith. Multiplied as, according to all accounts, the causes of suffering and terror seem to have become, no rumour even has been heard of any one having apostatised; while many statements were given of the stedfastness of the Christians, or, as the heathen natives called it, their determined stubbornness or obstinacy."

Leaving these painful contemplations, we shall now finish our notice with another example or two of the singular customs of the island. "The superstitions of the Malagasy lead them to regard certain days and hours unlucky, and for an infant to be born at such times is considered fatal. These periods are calculated and declared by a class of men called panandro, 'astrologers.' To these the relations or the parent of a new-born infant repair almost immediately after it has entered the world, to learn from them the *vintana*, or destiny of the child, as if they could not give free current to the tide of their joyous and affectionate feelings until they had ascertained whether those feelings must be suppressed, and the object of their kindling emotions be recklessly torn from their embrace, or whether they might venture to express towards it their tenderness and love. In some cases it is considered sufficient to make a prescribed offering with a special view to averting the evil of the child's destiny. The parents' hopes being thus confirmed, they return to indulge in the overflows of their joy over the dear object of which a murderous superstition has not deprived them. In other cases there must be exposure to death, or death must be inflicted. The decisions of the panandro are threefold: either a faditra, or offering, must be presented, to remove evil; the child must be exposed to death, by being placed in the narrow path at the

entrance to a village or a cattle-fold; or it must be put to death. When the *vintana*, or destiny, is declared to be favourable, no ceremony follows. If the decision be unfavourable (a not unfrequent case), there is ground for but very feeble hopes of the infant's life; yet still the affectionate parents fondly cherish these hopes as long as there is the least prospect of their being realised.

"An infant, a new-born, perfectly helpless, unconscious infant, smiling perhaps in innocence, is laid on the ground in the narrow entrance to a village, or a fold, through which there is scarcely room enough for cattle to pass; several cattle are then driven violently in, and are made to pass over the spot in which the child is placed, while the parents, with agonising feelings, stand by waiting the result. If the oxen pass over without injuring the infant, the omen is propitious, the powerful and evil destiny is removed, the parents may without apprehension embrace their offspring, and cherish it as one rescued from destruction. But should the delicate, frail, and tender body of the helpless victim be mangled and crushed to death by the rugged feet of the oxen, which is most frequently the case, the parents return to mourn in bitterness of grief their loss, with no other consolation than that which the monstrous absurdities of their delusions supply—that, had their beloved infant survived, it would have been exposed to the influence of that destiny which now required its exposure to destruction. Distressing, however, as this is, it is, in some respects, less so than the practice which remains to be noticed. This refers to the instances in which it is declared that exposure will not be sufficient, that there is no possibility of avoiding the doom pronounced, and that death must be inflicted. No labour would secure exemption for the hapless victim; no offering or sacrifice could propitiate the powers on whom its destiny depended, and avert its destruction; no treasures could purchase for it permission to live; and those who otherwise would have cherished it with the tenderest affection, and have fostered it with unceasing care through infancy and childhood, are reduced to the dire necessity of extinguishing that life which the dictates of nature would have taught them to regard as equally precious with their own. When this inhuman decision of the astrologers has been announced, the death of the innocent victim is usually effected by suffocation; the rice-pan, a circular wooden utensil, slightly concave on one side and hollow on the other, is generally employed. It is filled with water, and the infant is held with its face downwards in the water, till life becomes extinct; sometimes a piece of cloth is placed on the child's mouth, to render its suffocation more speedy. The remains of the infant thus murdered, are buried on the south side of the parents' house, that being superstitiously regarded as the part appropriated to what is ill-omened and fatal. The parents then rub a small quantity of red earth into their clothes, and afterwards shake them, as if to avert or shake off from themselves the evil supposed to attend their slight and transient contact with that which had been doomed to destruction. Another mode of perpetrating this unnatural deed is by taking the infant to a retired spot in the neighbourhood of the village, digging a grave sufficiently large to receive it, pouring in a quantity of water slightly warmed, putting a piece of cloth upon the infant's mouth, placing it in the grave, filling this up with earth, and leaving the helpless child, thus buried alive, a memorial of their own affecting degradation,

and the relentless barbarism of their gloomy superstition—a trophy of the dominion of the destroyer of our race, and a painfully conclusive illustration of the truth of that word which declares that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. These heart-rending transactions are generally performed by the parents themselves, or some of the nearest kindred of the family, frequently by the father, while the mother, anxious to press her infant to her bosom as long as possible, holds it while preparations for the savage deed are going forward, and, when it is taken from her arms, to be consigned thus prematurely to the earth, gives vent to her anguish and distress by lamenting and weeping, in which she is joined by her female kindred and companions, who return with her in sad procession to her dwelling. It is affecting to contemplate the extent to which the unnatural practice of child-murder prevails in almost every nation in a state of heathenism, whether learned or illiterate, civilised or barbarous, and to notice the resemblance in motive and end, as well as in the manner of effecting it, which appear among communities the most remote, and in many respects dissimilar, from each other."

One remarkable feature more and we have done.

"Another popular engagement in use among the Malagasy is that of forming brotherhoods, which, though not peculiar to them, is one of the most remarkable usages of the country. The design of this custom might almost justify its being designated the freemasonry of Madagascar. From that institution, however, it differs in two essential respects: its rites and ceremonies are not secret, but public; and its object is to cement two individuals in the bonds of most sacred friendship, and not to constitute a mysterious and secret society. More than two may thus associate, if they please, but the practice is usually limited to that number, and rarely embraces more than three or four individuals. It is called faditra, i. e. 'dead blood,' either because the oath is taken over the blood of a fowl killed on the occasion, or because a small portion of blood is drawn from each individual, when thus pledging friendship, and drunk by those to whom friendship is pledged, with execrations of vengeance on each other in case of violating the sacred oath. To obtain the blood, a slight incision is made in the skin covering the centre of the bosom, significantly called ambavafio, 'the mouth of the heart.' Allusion is made to this in the formula of this tragic-comical ceremony. When two or more persons have agreed on forming this bond of fraternity, a suitable place and hour are determined upon, and some gunpowder and a ball are brought, together with a small quantity of ginger, a spear, and two particular kinds of grass. A fowl also is procured; its head is nearly cut off; and it is left in this state, to continue bleeding during the ceremony. The parties then pronounce a long form of imprecation and mutual vow to this effect—'Should either of us prove disloyal to the sovereign, or unfaithful to each other, then perish the day and perish the night. Awful is that, solemn is that which we are now both about to perform! O the mouth of the heart!—this is to be cut, and we shall drink each other's blood. O this ball! O this powder! O this ginger! O this fowl weltering in its blood! it shall be killed, it shall be put to excruciating agonies,—it shall be killed by us, it shall be speared at this corner of the hearth (Alakaforo or Adimizana, S.W.) And whoever would seek to kill or injure us; to injure our wives, or our children; to waste our money or our

property; or if either of us should seek to do what would not be approved of by the king or by the people; should one of us deceive the other by making that which is unjust appear just; should one accuse the other falsely; should either of us with our wives and children be lost and reduced to slavery (forbid that such should ever be our lot!)—then, that good may arise out of evil, we follow this custom of the people; and we do it for the purpose of assisting one another with our families, if lost in slavery, by whatever property either of us may possess, for our wives are as one to us, and each other's children as his own, and our riches as common property. O, the mouth of the heart! O, the ball! O, the powder! O, the ginger! O, this miserable fowl weltering in its blood! thy liver do we eat, thy liver do we eat; and should either of us retract from the terms of this oath, let him instantly become a fool; let him instantly become blind; let this covenant prove a curse to him: let him not be a human being; let there be no heir to inherit after him; but let him be reduced, and float with the water never to see its source; let him never obtain; what is out of doors, may it never enter; and what is within, may it never go out; the little obtained, may he be deprived of it, and let him never obtain justice from the sovereign nor from the people! But if we keep and observe this covenant, let these things bear witness. O, mouth of the heart! (repeating as before) may this cause us to live long and happy with our wives and our children; may we be approved by the sovereign, and beloved by the people; may we get money, may we obtain property, cattle, &c.; may we marry wives (vady kely); may we have good robes, and wear a good piece of cloth on our bodies, since, amidst our toils and labour, these are the things we seek after. And this we do, that we may with all fidelity assist each other to the last.' The incision is then made, as already mentioned; a small quantity of blood extracted and drank by the covenanting parties respectively, saying, 'These are our last words. We will be like rice and water; in town they do not separate, and in the fields they do not forsake one another: we will be as the right and left hand of the body; if one be injured, the other necessarily suffers and sympathises with it.' The terms of the covenant are not regarded as binding literally; the respective possessions of the parties, such as cattle, slaves, money, &c., are not considered as common property; but the engagement involves a sort of moral obligation for one to assist the other in every extremity; and, however devoid of meaning some parts of the ceremony of forming brotherhood may appear, and whatever indications of barbarity of feeling may appear in others, it is less exceptionable than many that prevail among the people. * * *

"The practice of a similar mode of entering into the most sacred engagement, by the inhabitants of the large but extremely remote island of Borneo, especially by the Dayaks, one of the chief aboriginal tribes of that country, adds greatly to the opinion generally entertained that Madagascar was, at least in part, peopled from the same source as that from which most of the islands of the Malayan archipelago derived their inhabitants."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lives of Scottish Writers. By David Irving, LL.D. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1839. A. and C. Black.

Or thirty-nine biographies of eminent Scottish authors in these volumes, twenty-seven have

already appeared to advantage in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," to which excellent publication they were no discredit. To Hector Boyce, Knox, Buchanan, Lesley, Crichton, Drummond, and other worthies, the author has now added Winzett, Ballou, Liddell, Gregory, and others of like calibre, and the whole form a very acceptable selection of Caledonian learning and genius.

The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, with numerous Illustrations, by Phiz. No. I. Pp. 32. 1839. Dublin, Curry, jun.; London, Orr; Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford. So many authors in our day "lisp in Nos."

that we can scarcely keep account of their appearances and disappearances; for many of them "come like shadows, so depart." Not so, we hope, the *Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*, which is certainly one of the smartest and most entertaining productions of its class we have seen. At least, the first No. is a clever and superior performance; and if the whole story is executed with equal spirit—which, from the talent already displayed, we see no reason to doubt—the work will well deserve a place among the most amusing pictures of society which adorn our lighter literature. The illustrations, by Phiz, are quite in unison with the text; and each is worthy of each.

C. Julius Caesaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. With Explanatory Notes of Charles Anthon, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1839. Bentley.

On the same plan as Dr. Anthon's *Cicero and Sallust*, and well edited from Oudendorp's excellent text. The variations from MS. authority are noted. It is altogether a capital school-book.

Catullus, Juvenalis, Persius, Expurgati. Pp. 195. London, 1839. Longman and Co. THE copy of these famous poets used at Harrow School, with such expurgations as the authorities deemed necessary for youth.

Milman's Edition of Gibbon, Vol. XII. London, 1839. Murray.

THE concluding volume of this edition, and well concluded by a very copious index.

The Unity of Disease, &c. By S. Dickson, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1839. Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, J. Anderson, jun.; Dublin, Milligan.

DR. DICKSON describes his attempt to "to subvert the entire fabric of British medicine;" and it would be monstrously impudent in us to offer to decide where doctors so utterly disagree. He refers every thing to temperature!

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia: Biography: Lives of English Poets, &c. By R. Bell, Esq. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MEMOIRS of Drayton, Cowley, Waller, Milton, and Butler occupy these pages.

Progressive Education, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

A TRANSLATION from the French of Madame Necker de Saussure, and full of excellent matter, as regards the development of the infant mind.

Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance. By Thomas Moore. Nineteenth Edition. Illustrated with Engravings from Drawings by eminent Artists, under the Superintendent of Mr. Charles Heath. 8vo. pp. 397. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

THIS is a beautiful and splendid volume; a temple of art worthy of the poetical shrine it covers. From E. Corbould we have seven designs; from K. Meadows, three; and from T. P. Stephanoff, three, all charmingly en-

* Partly printed, we believe, in the "Dublin University Magazine."

graved, and illustrating the sweetest female characters and most interesting scenes in the poem. Lalla Rookh herself leads the way in Oriental luxury; and the death of Hinda, Zelica in three pictures, the Peri at the gate of Eden and other two situations, Namorma, and Nourmahal asleep, follow and complete the brilliant series. The nineteenth edition is surely so fittingly adorned, that it will be very apt to cause its eighteen predecessors to be neglected, if not forgotten.

Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions. By the Author of the "Country Curate," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 465. London, 1839. Bentley.

In a single volume, and forming one of Bentley's Library. There is an excellent portrait of Mr. Gleig prefixed, which will, we think, greatly enhance its value; for every one must wish to possess a likeness of a gentleman who has done so much to adorn our literature.

Gilbert's Railways of England and Wales; with a Map. Pp. 126. London, 1839. Grattan.

A VERY useful view of the railroad system; but the style is rather ornate for such a subject, and the distinction between works actually done, those in progress, and those only projected, might have been more clearly marked.

Henry Acton; or, the Gold Smugglers: and other Tales. By the Hon. Louisa Sayers. 3 vols. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THESE tales are of light and pleasing character; we should think the work of an unpractised hand, for although occasional passages display observation and feeling, probability is in many instances sacrificed for the sake of a melo-dramatic finale.

Popular Instructions on the Calculation of Probabilities, &c. from the French of Quetelet, by R. Beamish, Esq. C.E. F.R.S. Pp. 137. (London, Weale.)—A popular and useful little volume; and after the elaborate work of Mr. De Morgan, well calculated to impress the value of the science, and lead to the attainment of its rules and principles. We extract a popular specimen of such calculations, by which it will be seen how much Arithmetic has to do with Superstition:—

"We shall conclude this lesson by a remark relative to a prejudice existing, generally, on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required, that out of thirteen persons, of different ages, one of them, at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death, at least, will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended."

An Exposure of the Absurd and Contradictory Statements in James's "Six Months in Australia," by John Stephens, Pp. 49. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Where Company interests in colonisation, &c. are at stake, we are sure to find plenty of difference of opinion and controversy; every one crying up the own commodities, and deriding the commodities of others, like fish-wives in a market. Mr. Stephens takes Mr. James roundly to task for his statements unfavourable to the condition and prospect of South Australia.

Select British Biography from Beadicos to Victoria, by J. Maundur. Pp. 394. (London, Longman and Co.)—A judicious separate publication of the very excellent biographical portion of Mr. Maundur's "Treasury of Knowledge." The notices are slight, but honestly and faithfully compiled.

Sixteen Select Idylls of Theocritus, &c. By D. B. Hickie, LL.D. Pp. 163. (London, Longman and Co.)—Without entering into the question of the propriety of English names, &c., as here given, to Greek or Latin authors used in schools, we may briefly notice that this is a good copy of the Idylls from the text of Meineke.

Bellingham, by the Rev. W. Palin, B.A. &c. Pp. 167. (London, J. W. Parker.)—A narrative of a Christian in search of the church, in the story of which the author defends the Church of England from the representations of Mr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," &c., and contends that it is more Christian, in every respect, than the congregational party to which Mr. Harris belongs.

A Lecture on the Right Formation of the Mind, &c. By E. J. Burberry, Historical Engraver. Pp. 66. (London, Tilt.)—A sensible exhortation to the sedulous cultivation of the intellectual faculties; very suitable for young people.

A New System of Logic, &c. By S. R. Bosanquet, A.M. of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 372. (London, Parker.)—Mr. Bosanquet is hostile to the system of education which rests on the study of the classics, and contends for a

pure and better development of the principles of truth and reasoning as applicable to future conduct in life. He displays much reading, and no inconsiderable measure of thought; his main object tending to alter opinion on the subject of abstract ideas.

Extracts for Schools and Families in Aid of Moral and Religious Training. Pp. 428. (London, Darton and Harvey.)—Classed under various useful heads, this is a very good collection in prose and verse.

Travels of Minna and Godfrey. Pp. 336. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Another very pretty and nice volume of travels on the Rhine and in Nassau and Baden. It is neatly embellished, and well worthy of its preceding exemplars.

An Outline of Ancient and Modern Rome, &c., by a Lady. Pp. 17. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—Is there room for another school-book on Rome? if so, this is very fair indeed for the instruction of children.

Letters to the Authors of the Plain Tracts for Critical Times, by a Layman. Pp. 226. (London, T. Cadell.)—Not having seen the work to which this is an answer, we need only state that it dwells upon “the disconformity of opinion” of the Church of England, and argues strenuously against those who are called the Evangelical party.

Religious Parties in England, their Principles, History, and Present Duty, by R. Vaughan, D.D. Pp. 186. (London, T. Ward and Co.)—The enlargement, we presume, of a former publication, in which Dr. Vaughan, the Professor of History in the London University, espoused the Dissenting interest; or, rather, more especially, of the sect of Congregationalists.

A Description of Jamaica Planters, &c., by B. M'Mahon. Pp. 300. (London, E. Wilson.)—Mr. M'Mahon tells and tales of Jamaica Planters, Attorneys, Book-keepers, &c., gathered during an eighteen years' residence; and maintains, that till the present race is superseded by an entirely new one, the British West Indian Colonies can never flourish.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Arts, &c., &c., by the Editor of the “Argus of Science.” Pp. 320. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—We have frequently commended this collection of the accounts and notices of the discoveries, improvements, &c., which have marked the preceding year. It is diligently compiled, and, with a good index, will serve for references on most of the new subjects of interest in the arts and sciences.

The Amateur Florist's Assistant in the Selection and Cultivation of Popular Annuals, &c., &c., by Geo. Willmott. Pp. 76. (At the Nursery, Lewisham.)—When we read “popular annuals,” we thought this little work was an assistant in the selection of “Forget-me-nots,” “Keep-sakes,” “Amaranths,” *et hoc genus omne*; and were agreeably disappointed to find that, instead of a critical rival, we had the work of a well-advised practical gardener before us; and that, both for rearing annual and tender perennials, we could not have (as far as it goes) a better guide.

Hours of Solitude; or, Instructive and Comfortable Hours of Mourning. Pp. 215. (London, Cradock.)—A very well-chosen reprint of many devotional and instructive passages from authors of celebrity; together with prayers, hymns, and other productions, which might be consolatory under affliction.

An Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance (published by the Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction), by John Foster, ...—This treatise opens so many important questions and views, that we dare not venture on it. In many things we agree, in many differ from the author, whose opinions, often able, are also often peculiar. To be able to read the printed Bible, Mr. Foster contends, ought to be the condition of every Christian people; and he strenuously enforces the wholesome doctrine, that it is the duty of every good government to accomplish this desirable end.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 2.—Mr. Johnston's “On the Leading Distinctions of the Investigation of Mental and Physical Phenomena.” Vast is the field of inquiry which the philosophy of the mind opens to those who will enter upon it. The human mind—“that wondrous work—the human intellect—the instrument and the storehouse of all our knowledge—that which stamps sovereignty upon the brow of rational man, which proclaims him lord and master of the globe he inhabits, and gives him a hope of continued existence after his material organisation shall have lost vitality and mingled with the mass of inorganic matter.” The distinctive phenomena of one of its branches—the physiology of mind, which is the most analogous to material science, as it treats of the component parts of thought and the order in which they combine, was selected by Mr. Johnston for illustration, and to encourage the study of the mental powers and moral feelings in addition to the investigation of physical truth: mental philosophy and natural philosophy are both sciences. A scientific knowledge of

any thing is the knowledge of the relations which belong to it, that is, the relation which the whole of any subject-matter bears to its several parts—the relations which these parts bear to one another, and to all the parts separately or collectively of other subject-matters. For instance, a piece of chalk, to the natural knowledge of the man who quarries it, appears a white earthy substance of which the surface easily rubs off. He knows, perhaps, that, being burned, it becomes lime; but how or why, he knows not. But the science of chemistry would teach him the relations of the chalk, the relation of the whole lump to its constituent parts—lime and carbonic acid; the relation of quantity of each component part; the positive relation of affinity between these parts; the comparative relation of affinity which each of them bears to other substances, &c. Another example brought forward was the triangle, which presents, to the uneducated person, no other idea than that of certain lines enclosing space—to the mathematician, the relations which belong to it. Mental examples cannot be shewn to the eye, but they are equally palpable to the reflecting powers. Suppose an unlettered man listening to an argument upon a subject which he understands; he only knows that it is convincing or the contrary, but he may be wholly unable to say why it ought to be so, or ought not. The scientific logician, however, is not thus at a loss. He perceives at every stage of the argument whether a conclusion is fairly drawn from the premises stated, because he knows the relations between propositions placed in any order, and the conclusion to which they lead. With regard to the physiology of mind, the laws of investigation are the same as those which are acknowledged in the investigation of matter. The theories of mental philosophy are not speculations which facts are hunted out to support, but a series of deductions from facts observed. The distinction lies, 1st. in the mode of observation; 2d. in the nature of the evidence; 3d. in the various degrees in which the evidence abounds, according to the varieties of individual minds in which it is sought; and, 4th. the difference of the powers necessary to collect and understand that evidence. In the observation of mental phenomena, the thing to be observed, and the instrument of observation, are the same. In the investigation of physical phenomena, the thing investigated, and the investigating power, are distinct. In both inquiries we are at liberty to philosophise only according to the ascertained phenomena; but the mode of coming at the phenomena is exceedingly different. The science of mind, however, is everywhere that the operation of thought is going on; and in all the complex business of life, not alone in acquiring ideas by the process of induction, but in all that we may afterwards accomplish, when endeavouring to turn our education to good account, we are dependent upon instruments which mental philosophy explains, and teaches us how to use with better advantage. The operation of the mind may be observed in all scientific proceedings by this simple consideration, that facts are not science, until they are perceived and assigned their proper place in the chain of cause and effect. The proper placing is entirely a work of mental science. Every discovery is made by a practical exertion of mental philosophy, in addition to mere perception; and, if we will only look to the means by which the truths of physical science are brought out, and not merely to the results which appear evident to our senses, we must observe as clearly the operations dependent upon the principles of mental

science, as, in looking upon the ponderous and precious movements of a steam-engine, we recognise the magnificent carrying into action of great mechanical principles. On treating of “the nature of the evidence,” Mr. Johnston observed, “That hasty inquirers demand an amount of evidence in respect of mental subjects, which they do not dream of demanding in respect of matter. They ask, What is mind?” Now we cannot tell what mind is, but neither can we tell what matter is. Of the essence of either we know nothing. We have no means of knowing any thing about either, except with reference to their properties. We know that the observation of matter produces in us certain ideas of extension, resistance, form, and so forth; and we know that there is a something in which these ideas are produced, and that we call mind; but how the thing, called matter, happens to produce these ideas, or how the thing within us, called mind, forms and retains these ideas, we are equally ignorant. Why should we demand to know more concerning mind than we know of matter, namely, the properties of each? No man of common sense will either undertake to tell, or insist upon knowing, what the human soul is. Let us rather study its powers, and adore the Giver of them. In the investigation of physical phenomena, the evidence is external; in that of mental phenomena, it is internal; in physical science, it is experimental; in mental, it is cogitative; or, to speak more strictly, the phenomena of experiment are, in the one case, obvious to the senses, while in the other they are perceptible only by reflection. Mr. Johnston illustrated this by the forty-seventh proposition, in the first Book of Euclid; and by the decomposition of a dose of Epsom salts, shewing the magnesia disengaged. The details of either, our space will not allow us to describe: and we pass on to the similar way in which mental compounds were treated. Suppose that to love be added a sufficient amount of respect to saturate and neutralise its violent ardour, the compound will be ‘veneration; let the respect be in a less proportion, the compound will be one of the forms of affection, such as subsists in domestic life; but add to this, some grains of suspicion, the respect flies off, and the suspicion combining with love, will form that acid and explosive compound—jealousy. Although not palpable to the sight, the truth of the results is not the less evident. There is, however, an uncertainty produced by the want of uniformity in the human mind. Every specific quantity of Epsom salts may be decomposed by a specific quantity of the decomposing agent; but, whereas, in some minds, it will take a good deal of suspicion to decompose affection, in other minds it will take very little; and this brought Mr. Johnston to the third head of distinctions above enumerated. Uncertainty is the common reproach of all branches of moral science; but the reproach, he contended and exemplified, is often made without fair consideration of the limits to which it should be subject. The principles of moral science ought not to be confounded with the uncertainty which belongs to the complex and variable subject-matter to which they are made to apply. Some assert that the uncertainty flows from the doubt as to what mind is, while no such doubt exists as to what they see and feel. This is a mental mistake arising from inattention to the evidence upon which conviction of the existence of a thing depends. Mr. Johnston directed attention to some beautiful specimens from Bates' Anaglyphograph, pointing out how the sense of sight may be completely deceived:

that is, how we may receive impressions of reality, which, if we had no other sense than sight, would for ever remain reality to us; but we find, by the correction of the other senses, that what we see in such cases, is not reality: shewing, that impressions from the senses, upon which the certainty of the existence of matter depends, cannot themselves always be depended upon; and affirming, that it is much more easy logically to shew that we have no certainty of the existence of matter out of the mind, than that we have no certainty of the existence of mind independently of matter. Under the fourth, and last, division, was remarked, with many other truths, that men, in general, are so much more in the habit of thinking according to what is put into their minds, from moment to moment, by the external senses, than of following out a train of thought in meditation, that we shall find thousands capable and willing to take in the evidence of physical truth, so far as it can be gathered by the eyes, and ears, and touch, whose habits and inclinations would be opposed to the reception of mental evidence. In advertizing to the astounding difference of mental power in various individuals, and to the superiority of intellect with which some wonderful creatures of our own kind, liable to like accidents with ourselves, have been, and are, endowed, Mr. Johnston beautifully described the powers of Newton and of Shakspere—summing up of Newton, “The quick glance of his intellectual sight flashed through material creation, like lightning through the heavens; and the thunder of his fame still reverberates through the world!” and of Shakspere, “He, with an eagle-like swoop, descended into the depths of the human heart, where mortal never dared to plunge but him; and bearing away its mysteries to the loftiest pinnacles of imagination, fixed them there, to be for ever the wonder and delight of the intelligent universe!” In conclusion, Mr. Johnston strongly recommended, in addition to the investigation of physical truth, the study of the mental powers and moral feelings.

Friday, 1st March.—Mr. Brande ‘On Steel.’ After briefly alluding to the Eastern origin of steel, and the probability of the sculpture of the Egyptians having been executed with instruments of that metal, and not with bronze, or modifications of copper, and tin, and zinc, which Mr. Brande considered an erroneous idea, he proceeded to describe fully, and with his usual clearness, the European mode of manufacture, the anomalies and peculiarities of steel, and its uses in the arts, dependent upon such peculiarities. Throughout, the subject was illustrated by numerous specimens of the many forms and characters this valuable compound assumes, or is made to assume.

PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.

It is a matter of surprise and regret, that in a commercial country like England, no improvement has yet taken place in telegraphs, so as to render them available by night as well as by day, and also in foggy weather. Two projects, viz. the Hydraulic and Electro-magnetic, have already been laid before the public. A third, the Pneumatic, has recently been produced, and the great importance of the subject induces us to lay an account of it before our scientific readers. It might be expedient for government to examine their respective merits, in order to ascertain the most practicable and eligible of these projects, for the sake of public adoption.

The following is the description of the Pneumatic Telegraph, invented by Mr. S. Crosley; a

model of which may be seen any day at the Polytechnic Institution:—

“Atmospheric air is the conducting agent employed in the operation of the Pneumatic Telegraph.

“The air is isolated by a tube extending from one station to another; one extremity of the tube is connected with a gas-holder or other collapsing vessel, as a reservoir, to compensate for any diminution or increase of volume arising from compression or from changes in the temperature of the air in the tube, and for supplying any casual loss by leakage; the other extremity of the tube terminates with a pressure index.

“It will be evident to every one acquainted with the physical properties of atmospheric air, that if any certain degree of compression be produced and maintained in the reservoir, at one station, the same degree of compression will speedily extend to the opposite station, where it will become visible to an observer by the index.

“Thus, with ten weights, producing ten different degrees of compression, distinguished from each other numerically, and having the index, at the opposite station, marked with corresponding figures, the telegraph will be enabled to transmit, in the usual way, to a code of signals, which may be adapted to various purposes and to any language. The only manipulation is that of placing a weight of the required figure upon the collapsing vessel at one station, and the same figure will be represented by the index at the opposite station.

“In establishments where the telegraphic communications do not require the constant attendance of a person to observe them, and where periodical attendance is sufficient, the signals may be correctly registered on paper, by connecting with the air tube an instrument called a pressure register, invented by the projector of the Pneumatic Telegraph, which has been successfully employed in large gas-light establishments upwards of fourteen years, for registering the variations of the pressure of gas in street mains. The same instrument produces an increased range of the index scale, by which means the chance of errors from minute divisions is obviated.

“There being now three different projects for improvements in telegraphic communications, viz. the electro-magnetic, the hydraulic, and the pneumatic telegraphs,—and assuming that such improvements are of importance to the state, as well as to railway proprietors and the community at large, it seems desirable that their merits should be thoroughly investigated by competent engineers, and that the aid of government should be solicited, for the purpose of establishing, on a practical scale, the most eligible project.

“It may be observed, that the introduction of railways has not only created an additional use for telegraphic communications, but the important difficulty which previously existed in the expense of providing a proper line and safe foundation, is at once removed by the site of the railway itself, possessing as it does, by its police, the most ample security against injury, either to the tubes or electric wires.

“The prominent question for consideration seem to be—the certainty and accuracy of the communications, the first cost, the expense of repair and superintendence, also the time required for transmitting intelligence.

“On the question of time, it is quite clear that neither the hydraulic nor the pneumatic telegraph, with the electro-magnetic telegraph, in rapidity. No doubt, on investigation, each project will be found to possess its peculiar advantages. Thus, in considering the advantage one may have in point of time, another may possess a greater degree of certainty or accuracy in the communications, sufficient to outweigh the difference of time; for instance, between one second and one minute, or even between one second and five or ten minutes.

“The time occupied in transmitting intelligence, by the Pneumatic Telegraph will depend on the capacity of the air-tube, the degree of compression given, and the distance between the stations; but should greater despatch be required than is afforded by one air-tube, and the cost be of minor importance, several tubes may be employed, each fitted in the manner above described, so that all the figures contained in one telegraphic number may be communicated at once; and, with four tubes, 9999 different signals may be made to be communicated, referring to so many words or sentences, and these numbers may be multiplied four-fold by letters A, B, C, &c., and indices to distinguish each series.

“The projector of the Pneumatic Telegraph is not in possession of any experimental results on a practical scale by the electro-magnetic or by the hydraulic telegraphs, employed at any considerable extended distances, or of their continued operation for any long period of time; nor can he offer much decisive information, of a practical nature, analogous to the operation of the Pneumatic Telegraph on these points; the following circumstances may, however, be referred to:—

“There has been upwards of twenty years’ experience in the transmission of gas for illumination through conduit pipes of various dimensions. In several instances, the gas has been supplied at the distances of five to eight miles by low degrees of pressure. As one proof of great rapidity of motion, it has been observed, that when any sudden interruption in the supply has occurred at the works, the extinction of all the lights, over large districts, has been nearly simultaneous. Another instance of the great susceptibility of motion which frequently happens, is the flickering motion of the light at great distances when water has accumulated in the pipes.

“The only experience in the transmission of atmospheric air through conduit tubes, which applies

more particularly to this subject, may be referred to at three railway establishments; viz. Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Euston Square, London. In these establishments, air-tubes, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles in length, have been employed for the purpose of giving notice when a train of carriages is ready to be drawn up the inclined plane by the stationary engine at the summit, so that it may without delay be put in motion. This notice is communicated by blowing a current of air through the tube at the foot of the inclined plane, and sounding an organ-pipe, a whistle, or an alarm-bell at the stationary engine. It will be satisfactory to know, that this operation has been regularly performed from two to four years without one single failure or disappointment.

“It may be further noticed, that a trial was made with a tube of one inch in diameter, very nearly two miles in length, returning upon itself, so that both ends of the tube were brought to one place: the compression applied at one end, was equal to a column of seven inches of water; and the effect on the index at the other end appeared in fifteen seconds of time.

“Law has been proposed by eminent men on the communication of certain fluids through conduit pipes, and of the resistance of the pipe; but these are not strictly applicable to the present question. Under all circumstances, it seems desirable that experiments on a practical scale, at extended distances, should be resorted to, as the most satisfactory guide, for carrying into effect telegraphic communications of this kind.”

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

FEB. 11. The President in the chair.—Professor Rigard read a paper ‘On Captain Thomas Savery,’ from which we learn, that hitherto no biographer has collected any account of this remarkable man, although the invention of his steam-engine was destined to form a new era in the civil history of the world. He was descended from an old and most respectable family in the south of Devon, and was probably born in that part of the country, about the middle of the seventeenth century; but the time and place of his birth are not exactly known. He was, by profession, a military engineer, and the Saverys having been active in promoting the revolution of 1688, were especially noticed by King William the Third. Mechanics appear to have been his favourite study, and as he pursued them practically, he was able to form a body of workmen to execute his various plans. He had a patent for his steam-engine in 1698, and the exclusive privilege of constructing it was confirmed to him in 1699 by act of parliament. Desaguliers has unjustly accused him of having derived his plans from the Marquess of Worcester; but all writers have acknowledged that he was the first who ever constructed an engine of this kind, which possessed any great and practical utility; and it must be stated, that the experiments, in 1690, of Papin (to whom it has been attempted to transfer the honour of the invention) were not productive of any useful results, till followed out in England, in the beginning of the following century. It is of no consequence whether Savery was, or was not, acquainted with these experiments, for he worked on essentially different principles. His moving power was the elasticity of steam, to which our engineers have again returned, since Watt demonstrated the great advantage of it; whereas Papin used the pressure of the atmosphere (which can never exceed a few pounds on the square inch of the piston), and steam was only a subordinate agent, by which he procured a vacuum. The arrangement, also, of the different parts of Savery’s engine, and particularly the means he used for condensing the steam, are all his own, and mark him for a man of truly inventive genius. It is said that Savery joined in a patent with Newcomen and Cawley for the atmospheric engine; but this appears to be a mistake, since no traces of such an instrument have been found at the Rolls. He took out a patent, however, in 1686, for polishing plate glass and for rowing vessels with paddle wheels; and in 1706, for a double bellows to produce a continuous blast.

He published, in 1698, “Navigation Improved;”

in 1702, "The Miners' Friend ;"** and, in 1705, a translation, in folio, of "Cohorn's Specification." This last was dedicated to Prince George of Denmark, to whom he was indebted, that same year, for the office of treasurer to the sick and wounded. He is understood to have accumulated a considerable fortune; but he died in 1715, without children, and left every thing to his wife. The will was proved, but she did not live to take possession of the property, and much of it is supposed, even at the present time, to remain unappropriated. The secretary then gave an account of the formation of some cylinders of snow, observed near Keswick.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, February 26.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—H. Elphinstone, M.A. Merton College.

Masters of Arts.—G. C. Pearson, Christ Church; J. Woolley, Scholar, Rev. P. Lewis, University College; Rev. S. Dendy, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—I. L. Fellowes, E. Wright, Christ Church; G. J. Stone, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, February 27.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Degree in Divinity.—Rev. C. Wesley, Christ's College, Chaplain at St. James's Palace, and Priest in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

Masters of Arts.—J. Ware, Trinity College; C. Sawbridge, St. Peter's College; A. Wauchope, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. A. Rogers, Trinity College; H. T. Riley, Clare Hall; T. Smith, D. F. Wright, Caius College; W. M. Shaw, Sidney Sussex College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday week, Mr. L. Hayes Pettit in the chair.—After the routine business, Mr. Yates (Secretary to the British Association), who was accompanied by Mr. Charles Fellows, recently returned from a very extensive tour in Asia Minor, &c., directed the attention of the Society to some very interesting Lycian inscriptions, copied by that gentleman from rocks and architectural ruins near Phaneka and the banks of the Xanthus. Referring to Von Hammer's notice of the subject in 1811, to Mr. Cockerell's papers in a collection published some years ago, and also to Grottefend, Letronne, and others, Mr. Yates described these inscriptions to be in an unknown alphabet and tongue. The forms of some of the letters resembled the Greek, but others were altogether novel and peculiar. By comparing four inscriptions of Mr. Cockerell's (the first being, fortunately, bilingual, and accompanied by a Greek translation), with the inscriptions of Mr. Fellows, Mr. Yates made out a very plausible interpretation of the whole; which, from this reading, were evidently sepulchral records on the tombs of ancient Lycian (or Phrygian?) families. The words were, as well as could be deciphered, as follow:—

Abarna yopa Mate Prexnafata Aeatacia tappe alle ate sa lade abe sa tedaema.

This is Mr. Cockerell's fourth inscription, and supposed to mean that Aeatacia had caused this building to be erected for himself, his wife, and his son or daughter: "lade"† signifying wife, and "tedaema, tedaeme," son and daughter. Another supposition is, that the x in the inscription may be equivalent to the letter e.

* This is now a very rare volume. It is in the British Museum, and, we believe, a copy will be found in All Souls' College Library. Surely, in the present day of science, and of scientific mining, in particular, a republication might be very useful; and it would be rendered infinitely more valuable if the professor of astronomy (the only person we now know who is calculated, from his love of minute research), and the vast accumulation he has made of materials, to do justice to neglected scientific biography would prefix his notices of the author and his invention.

† The root of our "lady," "lad," &c.

Accordingly Mr. Cockerell's first inscription, with its Greek context, runs thus:—

ABAIA ARABA(X)EIA MATEPRE(X)NAFATA
SEDAREIA P*** TEDAEME TAPPE ATLE ATBE
SA LADE ATBE SA TEDAEME PE(BE) LAIA.

Το μυρια τοδι αντιστοιχο
Σεδαρεια Παλαινεις ιαυτη και
τη γυναικι και ιαυτη Πιβαλια.
Sepulchrum hoc fieri curavit
Sedarius Prelnio filius sibi ipsi atque
sue uxori atque suo filio Phebelei.

Mr. Fellowes's other inscriptions are very curious, and supply further grounds for philological inquiry and conjecture; but as he is, we believe, preparing his travels for publication, we need not at present go into what could only be a partial view, and we have, therefore, merely to add, that the edifices on which some of them were engraved are of a beautiful class of architecture, and adorned with reliefs in the noblest style of Grecian. The figures seem to be starting from the earliest period of rigid simplicity into that glorious life and spirit which distinguished the greatest period of the art.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. Harrison exhibited two bronze bracelets, and a carving in jet, found at Stroud, near Rochester, in November, 1838, and belonging to Mr. H. Wickham of Stroud. In the same field, which is between the parish church and a farm called the Temple, and near the line of the Roman road, have been recently discovered, in digging for brick earth, several skeletons, many earthen vessels, and about 600 Roman coins. One of the bracelets terminates in serpents' heads; and the carving is a rude representation of the head of Medusa. Mr. Harrison also exhibited a stone hatchet, found in 1836, at Hartlip, near Sittingbourne, on the estate of Wm. Bland, Esq. A further portion was read of Mr. Bruce's 'Observations on the Extensive Powers exercised by the Privy Council in the Reign of Edward VI,' and the remainder postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Dr. Truman on Organic Matter.)

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M. (General Meeting, Election of Officers, &c.)

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Statistical, 3 P.M. (Anniversary); Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Sixth and last notice.]

250. *The Invalid.* H. Montague.—The languor of sickness is finely expressed in the countenance and attitude of a splendidly attired female, on whom the soothing charm of music appears to be entirely lost. The scene is gay and brilliant, as if in contrast to the sadness of its principal occupant.

273. *First Ride.* J. C. Thompson.—The sports of children presented through the medium of art have furnished some of our most pleasing pictures. But how could Mr. Thompson degrade his subject and himself by quoting such silly lines as those which appear in the catalogue? This is an insult to common sense, which we regret to have so frequent occasion to censure.

186. *Bitch and Pups.* C. Landseer, A.R.A.

"Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

Our pages have ever borne testimony to the talents of Mr. Charles Landseer; and we have here an additional proof of them. Again, however, we object to the attached quotation. If meant for travesty, it is in bad taste; if seriously applied, it is still worse.

300. *Nick the Philosopher.* J. Zeitter.—In perfect accordance with the description of the "happy-looking critter," in that cleverest and most entertaining of modern works, "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." Many such philosophers are to be met with in the highways and byways of our busy metropolis.—277. *Waiting for the Tide on the River.* by the same artist, is no less pleasing in picturesque character and skilful execution; and is of a shape well suited to the mantel.

The Gallery is rich in views and landscape scenery. If, in addition to the works already quoted, the visitor will cast his eye over the following, he will find much to admire:—269. *View in Sussex: the Approach of Autumn.* C. R. Stanley.—251. *Windsor Castle, from the Road to Virginia Water.* W. Linton.—207. *Crummorth Water, from Scale Hill, Cumberland.* T. C. Holland.—202. *Scene on the Coast of Sussex: Moonlight.* J. B. Crome.—56. *River Scene: Moonlight.* E. Childe.—247. *Menton, in the Principality of Monaco, Coast of Genoa:* and 267. *Varazzo, Coast of Genoa.* Hobday Horsley, &c. &c.

Among the most attractive examples in sculpture are—

429. *Statue of a Girl Reading.* P. Mac Dowell.—Graceful in form and character. The drapery is arranged with great judgment; exhibiting the shape and proportions of the figure to the best advantage.

428. *The Infant Lyrlist taming Cerberus.* J. G. Lough.—We should rather say, "charming" Cerberus. However, the subject is sufficiently understood; and the contrast between the still unsubdued head of the monster and the expression of the fair and youthful musical enchantress, is happily managed.

431. *Cupid and Psyche.* J. G. Lough.—Although not so light in shape and limb as the usual representations of this enamoured pair, the group is well composed, and the subject is treated in a novel and successful manner. The lady is stealing an arrow from the gentleman's quiver: this is being more than a match for him.

434. *Rebecca at the Well.* W. Calder Marshall; 437, *Grief, a Model.* R. Physic; 430, *The Italian Fishing-Boy.* J. G. Lough, &c., also possess great and various merit.

We have great pleasure in subjoining a list of the works sold in the Gallery of the British Institution, during the present season, begging leave at the same time to hint, that there are some yet remaining which well deserve to be selected for the purpose of ornamenting the mansions of our noble and opulent amateurs.

Subjects.	Painters, or Sculptors.	Purchasers.
A Dutch Family	W. Simpson	Marques of Lansdowne.
Deaf St. Mark's	C. W. Cope	Ditto.
Venice	G. Jones, R.A.	W. Wells, Esq.
Interior of Rembrandt's Mill	E. W. Cooke	Ditto.
The Forum of Nerva	E. Landseer, R.A.	Ditto.
Scene from Nature	G. Jones, R.A.	Ditto.
At Killarney	T. Creswick	Ditto.
Trout	F. R. Lee, R.A.	Ditto.
Bird's Nest, &c.	G. Lane	Lord de Lisle.
Tamworth	D. Cowper	T. H. Hope, Esq.
Head of a Female	Mrs. Carpenter	R. Vernon, Esq.
Goodrich Castle	C. Fielding	T. Baring, Esq.
A Remnant of the Glorious 1st of June	H. Fiddling	Ditto.
June		

Subjects.	Painters, or Sculptors.	Purchasers.
The Upper Floor of Rembrandt's Mill.	E. W. Cooke	T. Baring, Esq.
The Lower Chamber of the same.	Ditto	Ditto.
Rembrandt's Mill.	Ditto	Ditto.
The Rival Performers.	J. C. Horsley	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.
Cupid and Psyche.	J. G. Lough	1 Duke of Northumberland.
The Infant Lyrist taming Cerberus.	Ditto	1 Duchess of Northumberland.
The Approach.	F. Stone	1 Marchioness of Tavistock.
A Group of Chickens.	H. Parrott	
Scenes on the Coast of Rouen.	J. P. Crome	E. Bell, Esq.
Cathedral from the Seine.	H. Gritten	Lord Northwick.
Scenes from Mount St. Catherine.	Ditto	Ditto.
Scenes of Mattingham, Kent.	J. Stark	
Crossing the Brook.	J. Creswick	Earl of Normanton.
Entrance to a Wood.	J. Stark	Rev. R. Pemberton.
The Old Venetian in Holland.		
Costume Scene.	Ditto	
Study of an Arabian.	A. Cooper, R.A.	
Old Bridge at Lyne-doch.	F. R. Lee, R.A.	Lord Lynedoch.
Wild Duck and Gargoyles.	Ditto	1 N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq.
Pike and Parche.	Ditto	Ditto.
Scene on the River Yeo, Devon.	Ditto	T. S. Cooper, Esq.
Dogs.	E. Landseer, R.A.	Bell, Esq.
Selling Fish in a Fish-vesting.	E. W. Cooke	Lord Wharncliffe.
Sorting Shrimps, do.	Ditto	
Bitch and Pups.	C. Landseer	Bell, Esq.
The Widow.	H. W. Cope	
Coast Scene.	H. Bright	Rev. R. Pemberton.
Scenes on the River Seine, Pontine Marshes.	P. Williams	Mrs. Huskisson.
The Croix de St. Pierre, Rouen.	H. Gritten	Marquess of Alisa.
The Tower.		
Biere, from the Place de la Calendre, Rouen.	Ditto	Ditto.
River Scene, Moonlight.	E. Child	T. Smith, Esq.
An Interior.	C. Dukes	J. Goding, Esq. jun.
Bethelkirk, N.W.	E. C. Lewis	J. Fairlie, Esq.
Dutch Boats on the River Yar, near Newport.	E. W. Cooke	Lord Northwick.
The Sentinel.	C. Hancock	W. Moryck, Esq.
Moonlight.	J. B. Crome	C. H. Warner, Esq.
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Die Jungfrau, Switzerland.	S. Bendixen	Earl of Tyrconnell.
Waters of Elbe.	W. Etty, R.A.	J. V. Thompson, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane. — On Thursday, *The Duenna* was revived here with an attractive musical cast, including Miss Romer, Miss Betts, Miss Poole, Giubelei, Balfé, Stretton, Allen, &c., who all exerted themselves successfully; and, after the opera, Mr. Van Amburgh exhibited, with the addition of one of the new lions, the other, we believe, not having been bitten, beaten, and tortured enough to be fit for a public appearance. A ballet followed, called *The Little Hunchback*, in which Wieland was the hero. The scenery is showy, and the dancing ditto; without the finish and artistic features of the foreign stage in this respect, John Bull is willing enough to receive in lieu upon the national boards, efforts of agility, *tours de force*, and other more active and boisterous demonstrations of strong limbs and nervous bodies. The physical pleases him well.

Covent Garden. — It is long since we witnessed so brilliant and encouraging a dramatic sight as Covent Garden presented on Thursday, when Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of *Richelieu* was presented for the first time. The house overflowed in every part; and even what are called the slips, were fully tenanted by a respectable audience. This indeed is gratifying, because it proves that there is no longer an almost hopeless effort to be made for the national drama. It has been rescued from the abyss, and restored to more than its former legitimacy and splendour, by William Macready, whose name will ever be honoured in the annals of the stage for this great achievement. How must he have been cheered, almost rewarded,

on this occasion, when every opportunity was seized, and by such an assemblage, alike in boxes, pit, and galleries, to testify to him the sense entertained, not merely of his high histrionic powers, but still more of the obligation to him personally for having once more placed the chiefest source of recreation enjoyed by a civilised community on the ground which it ought to occupy. If all that has ever been written about the stage, for or against it, be not apocryphal, how much do we owe to him who enables us, after so dark an eclipse, to live again in the light of Shakspere—to taste the refinements of art—to glow with the emanations of living genius—and to feel that the drama is an elevating, rational, and moral school of instruction! Of the *Richelieu*, as published, we shall speak in our next, for our Friday preparations prevent us from taking up the subject as we ought at so late a period in the week. Many striking passages of poetry, of humorous application, of truth and of nature, were readily apprehended and loudly applauded; and we are confident that many more will be recognised and appreciated as the play becomes better understood by repetition. It is put upon the stage with every advantage of scenery and costume; and a large expense must have been bestowed on these important adjuncts to the illusive design. Marshall is a pupil not unworthy of Stanfield, and nothing can surpass the taste, as well as magnificence, with which he has represented the gorgeousness of the French court in every scene. Of the dresses, we need only say that they are on a large scale, what the Olympic has so often won our praise for accomplishing on its more limited boards. They are rich, beautiful, accurate, and extremely effective. Before saying a few words on the performances, we may observe, that a fine overture from Gluck, and *entre-act* selections from that composer, Gretry, and Martini, arranged by T. Cooke, are pleasing accessories to the general arrangement.

Richelieu is an admirable acting play, and most dramatically constructed. The mixture of the Lion and the Fox in the Cardinal (agreeably to a *dictum* of Lysander,* whom he thinks a perfect politician), contributes not only to a great variety of situation, but to the development of the principal incidents and final *dénouement* of the drama. This character was sustained by Macready; and whether in his patriotic bursts of devoted love for France; his natural affections for his ward, *Julie de Mortemart* (Miss H. Faust); his cojolery of those whom he wishes to flatter into subserviency to his purposes; his withering menaces to *Baradas* and other conspirators; or his occasional playfulness contrasting with his severe and perilous anxiety, when all but overwhelmed by the concatenation of circumstances, we never saw a more perfect piece of acting. In some parts it recalled to our memory some of the noblest personations of Wolsey that ever adorned the stage: in the rest, it was all the author's and the performers' own. The weak and vacillating *Louis XIII.*, who does not appear till the fourth act, was excellently played by Elton, who was really a picture in person as well as in mind of that worthless king. Mr. Warde, as the aspiring and intriguing *Baradas*, was also every thing that could be wished. His *Iago*-like wickedness, checked by saucy doubts and fears, was forcibly portrayed; and his courtier acquiescence in the last scene was eminently happy. Mr. Anderson,

as the *Chev. de Mauprat*, might, but for *Richeleu*, be deemed the hero of the play; and he acquitted himself very ably of the trust throughout the whole of an arduous part. Mr. Vining, as a foppish and fluttering insect of the court, deserves similar commendation; — his lightness was a very agreeable relief to the graver scenes. Mr. Phelps, as the famous Capuchin *Joseph*, looked and acted the priest, expectant of a bishopric, with great truth and unction; and Mr. G. Bennett, in the humbler cast of a traitorous officer of *Richelieu's* guard, did all that was set down for him with discrimination and judgment. We have but to notice Miss H. Faust in the heroine, which she performed with her usual feeling and ability; and Miss Charles, as *Marion de Lorme*, who filled up the leading *drama* personæ of a play altogether admirably brought out. Enthusiastic cheers attended its announcement for repetition every evening.

Adelphi. — On Monday, a new company of actors appeared here, and were received with unbounded applause. Foreign genius ought to be encouraged by a liberal people, and as very few of the race in question are natives of our isle, we would entirely rejoice in their success, were it not from a fear we entertain, that they are likely to drive a great proportion of inferior English and Irish talent from the stage. Two days a week fasting, in Lent, would be nothing to this total starvation; and all the parliamentary pathos of the honourable member for Finsbury could hardly obtain a majority to vote for their being maintained at the national expense. Be this as it may, Il Signor Ambrogini (the director of music), Signor Brazilini (first in genteel comedy), Mdlle Chieni (leader in the higher walks of the drama), Monsieur Jacko (the premier *buffo*), and the rest of the troop, are evidently among the greatest performers in the world, for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. That they are monkeys seems to be a strong recommendation, for since the stage has been degraded by beasts *fera nature*, it seems as though it were a step upwards again to have animals more nearly approaching to human intelligence. The Animali Parlante di Casti, and Esop's or Gay's Fables, might prepare us for the scenic triumph of these well-trained actors, who appear to be infinitely better organised than those who are occasionally seen in the training of street musicians, or taking part in a *duo* with Von Bruin. Indeed, nothing could exceed the grace and gravity of Ambrogini, the very Sir George Smart of the party, except, perhaps, the elegance and stateliness of Chieni, its Huddart, as *Madame Pompadour*. Nor ought we to pass unheaped the versatility of its Mathews, Brazilini, or the comicalities of its Keeley, Jacko. They certainly beat any thing that could be done when Roscius was an actor at Rome; and it may be confidently anticipated that their London glory will be far more substantial than the plaster of Paris hitherto their meed. The schoolmaster, it is clear, has been abroad among the brutes, and the march of mind can no longer be limited by his own vanity to the presumption of man. The cowardly lion, the fawning tiger, the gentle leopard, and the sweet hyena, are now the epithets justly to be applied to these once ferocious species; and the lovely ape and intellectual monkey already claim similar appellations. To these, we understand, are about to be added polite dogs and accomplished goats; and, better still, a *corps dramatique* of no fewer than twelve well-educated and interesting pigs. Let them come: *suum cuique!*

* The Greek who advised when you could not cover yourself entirely with the lion's skin, to eke it out with the fox's.

Oliver Twist does not improve upon stage acquaintance; though the scene in which *Fagin* works up *Sykes* to the murder of *Nancy*, is one of fearful interest. Nothing can surpass Yates's diabolical personation of the *Jew*; whilst O. Smith, in the ruffian, and Wright in the *Dodger*, add to, and contrast with, its horror, by the hardened determination of the former, and the blind recklessness of the latter.

VARIETIES.

Nelson Tribute.—On Monday, a meeting of disappointed candidates took place at the Thatched House Tavern, and was attended by about fifty artists: Mr. Inman in the chair. A humorous speech was delivered by Mr. Hopper; and some correspondence with the committee and sub-committee on the *Tribute* was read, from which it appeared that no distinct course could be taken till a further communication was made on Saturday, this day. There was some discrepancy in the opinions expressed; for while it was thought desirable to have public opinion, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed with the manner in which it was pronounced, through the press or otherwise; and the judgment held to be of less or more authority as it agreed less or more with the ideas of the speakers. Again, it was urged to be expedient that the committee should receive the advice of the rejected artists—a manifest difficulty, since they by no means agree among themselves; and, instead of unanimity, there would be variety quite as much among the general public.

National Monument Society.—At a meeting of this Society last Saturday, at the Thatched House Tavern, Mr. Hume in the chair, a gratifying statement was made of public places which had consented to open their doors gratuitously for the admission of the people; and a Report was agreed to, which will shortly be printed, and lay the progressive advance of the Society towards attaining its objects fully before the public.

Seaman's Hospital Society.—The anniversary on Saturday was attended by about 150 gentlemen, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, in the chair, had Lords Melville, Colville, Bexley, Ingestre, Sir James Lushington (chairman of the East India Company), Mr. Pelly (deputy chairman of the Trinity House), and other distinguished individuals, as his supporters on the right and left. Nothing could exceed the feeling on behalf of this most benevolent charity which was exhibited on the occasion; and the addresses of Lord Melville and Captain Bowles (the Secretary), were received with great applause. Their description of the institution, and its merciful dispensations, were indeed truly touching. Towards the close of the evening, Mr. Brown (the Treasurer), announced a subscription of 1176*l.* Had it been double this gratifying amount, it would not have been too much; but we hope these notices will cause other benefactions to flow in, so that nothing may be wanting for this good and Christian work.

Photogenic Drawing.—Letters and journals from Germany state that eminent artists and chemists in that country are employing themselves in experiments on photogenic drawing.

Mr. Colley Grattan.—We rejoice to see by the *Gazette*, that Mr. Colley Grattan, whose

literary productions have done honour to his name, has been appointed British Consul for the state of Massachusetts, where we have long had resident another literary gentleman of distinguished talent.

United Service Museum.—The Eighth Annual Meeting took place at the Thatched House on Saturday, Sir George Cockburn in the chair, when a very satisfactory report was read by the assistant director. Several members of the council, going out by rotation, were re-elected or others elected. It was moved and agreed to, that instead of the name "United Service Museum," the name "United Service Institution" should be adopted in future; and it was also resolved that the rooms of the Institution should be open daily from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. in summer, and 4 P.M. in winter; and that the library should be open to members from 7 to 10 in the evening throughout the year. It is very gratifying to find so excellent and well conducted an Institution thus gradually and progressively working out the purposes for which it was established; and taking the sure path to become a national benefit and honour. It is highly creditable to the United Services.

Survey of Port Adelaide.—An immediate and most elaborate survey of the port was about being made by Colonel Light, assisted by Capt. Field.—*Oriental Herald*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Adolphus's "History of England, from the accession of George III. to the close of the American War" (published in three vols. 8vo. 1827, seven years ago), went through four large editions, and is now out of print, has issued proposals to republish the same, by subscription, with important corrections and additions, and to add five more volumes, to bring down the history to the close of the reign. No more eventful period ever occupied a historical pen. The volume are to appear about every two months.

In the Press.

Deerbrook, a Novel, by Miss Martineau.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Greek Testament, with English Notes, Critical, Philosophical, and Explanatory, by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.S.A., 3d edit. enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.*—Mawee and Abercrombie's complete *Gardner's Calendar and Directory*, 24th edit. improved, by J. Main, 12mo. 6*s.*—Outlines of Military Surgery, by Sir G. Ballingall, M.D. 2d edit. 8vo. 1*l.*—Geometrical Theorems and Analytical Formulae, by W. Wallace, LL.D. 8vo. 6*s.*—Dr. Elliotson's Principles and Practice of Medicine, with Notes, &c. by N. Rogers, M.D. 8vo. 2*l.*—Baird's Lectures against Owenism, 12mo. 5*s.*—America and the American Church, by the Rev. H. Caswall, post 8vo. 9*s.*—Home Service, by B. E. Hill, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.*—The African Slave, by T. F. Buxton, 4vo. 5*s.*; 2*l.*—Moral Philosophy, by T. F. Buxton, 4vo. 5*s.*—The Report of the Royal Commission on the State of Durham, by a Colonist, 8vo. 2*l.*—Ure's *Medical and Surgical Manual*, 2d edit. 18mo. 5*s.*—Picart's Religious Ceremonies of every Nation abridged, 4to. 2*l.*—The Town and Country Practice of the Court for relief of Insolvent Debtors, by R. Allen, 12mo. 10*s.*—The Law of Master and Servant, by E. Spike, 12mo. 2*l.*—Arthur's Cesar, with Notes and Indexes, 12mo. 2*l.*—Merimes on Oil Painting, translated by W. B. S. Taylor, post 8vo. 1*l.*—Rev. R. Montgomery's Poetical Works, 6 vols. 18mo. Vol. I. 2*l.*—Lives of Scottish Writers, by D. Irving, LL.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.*—Treatise on Probabilities, by T. Galloway (from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*), post 8vo. 6*s.*—Alfred Moreland, the would-be Traveller, 1*l.*—Whately's Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith, 8vo. 10*s.*—Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Commentary, Vol. IV. and last, 12mo. 5*s.*—The Arabian Nights, translated by E. W. Lane, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 2*l.*—Gems of American Wit, 2*l.*—Langley's *Principia Saxonica*, 12mo. 4*s.*—The Book of the Grand Junction Railway, by T. Roscoe, 8vo. 1*l.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry we cannot accept the tender lines of "V. H. L." It is difficult to write for particular objects in a way to produce a general feeling.

ERRATUM.—In our critique on the British Institution last week, the Capuchin Convent at Amalfi was ascribed to Mr. J. Uwins, R.A. (p. 139, middle col.), and it was no small compliment to it that we thought it the production of that charming artist, Mr. Thomas Uwins. It is, however, the commencement of a younger man, and one, we may judge from it, of excellent promise, Mr. James Uwins, the nephew of the R.A. and son of his late brother, Dr. Uwins, who was at Rome pursuing his studies at the time of his father's unexpected death.

* Dr. Grenville, we observe, has published a letter to the Duke of Wellington, in which the merits of Mr. Hallion's column are contrasted with those of one in cast iron of superior dimensions, are discussed. There are, also, criticisms on other models; but, for the reasons we have stated, we must, for the present, abstain from comment.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.BRITISH INSTITUTION,
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The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 1*s.* WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT
of BRITISH ART.

The Committees beg to submit for the consideration of the Society the Plan and Objects of the Institution, which was established in 1805. The object of the Society is to obtain from the Exhibitions of the Year, or from the Studios of the Artists themselves, each Subscriber to be entitled to One Chance for each Guinea subscribed, a day being fixed shortly after the close of the Exhibitions, for the Public Distribution of the Annual Prizes, on the 1st of April.

Any additional information may be had of
Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14 Pall Mall East,
To whom Subscriptions may be paid; as also to
Messrs. Hansons', Bankers, Pall Mall East;
Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand;
Mr. Havell, 77 Oxford Street;
Mr. Jennings, 62 Cheapside.

S. PATRICK'S DAY.—Under the
Patronage of Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK.—The 59th Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated on Saturday, March 16th, 1839, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street.

Field-Marshal H. R. H. the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, Earl of Tipperary, K.G. &c. &c.

Vice-Presidents.

The Duke of Leinster
The Marquess of Normanby, K.P.
The Marquess of Lansdowne, G.C.B.
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Tickets (2*s.* each) to be had of E. Bainbridge, Esq. M.P. Treasurer, 19 St. Paul's Churchyard; or the Bar of the Law Courts, and at the Schools, in Stamford Street, Blackfriars' Road. Signed (by order) J. C. MICHEL, Secretary.

Dinner on Table at Six O'Clock.

The Children dine as usual on that day, at the Schools, at Two O'Clock.

HERALDRY and GENEALOGY. Many
Articles upon these Subjects, both curious and rare, including some valuable Heraldic MSS., are to be brought forward for Sale, on Monday and Tuesday next, by Mr. Sotheby.

LIBRARY of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The First Part of the History of Switzerland, price 6*s.* will be published, at the Society's Office, on the 15th instant, and a Number of this Series will continue to be published there on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

The Current Volumes of "The History of England," of "The History of Ancient Greek Literature," of "The Geography of Great Britain," of "Annalies," and of "The Differential Calculus," will be completed without delay, by Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

59 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 7 March, 1839.

MUSIC.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.
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